
THE
CONNOISSEUR.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Nº CV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1756:

GAUDET EQUIS, CANIBUSQUE, ET APRICI GRAMINE CAMPI.

HOR.

TO SPRING A COVEY, OR UNEARTH A FOX,
IN REV'REND SPORTSMEN, IS RIGHT ORTHODOX.

MY Cousin Village, from whom I had not heard for some time, has lately sent me an account of a *Country Parson*; which I dare say will prove entertaining to my town readers, who can have no other idea of our Clergy than what they have collected from the spruce and genteel figures which they have been used to contemplate here in doctors scarfs, pudding-sleeves, starched bands, and feather-top grizzles. It will be found from my Cousin's description, that these reverend ensigns of orthodoxy are not so necessary to be displayed among rustics; and that, when they are out of the pulpit or surplice, the good pastors may, without censure, put on the manners as well as dress of a groom or whipper-in.

DONCASTER, JAN. 14, 1756.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Am just arrived here, after having paid a visit to our old acquaintance Jack Quickset, who is now become the Reverend Mr. Quickset, rector of ——— parish in the North-Riding of this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds *per ann.* As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals or behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable: but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, per-

haps a slight sketch, or, as I may say, *rough draught* of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unenterprising to your readers.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the world, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me that he had been *double japanned* (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of——; where, if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best Yorkshire Stingo, and would engage to shew me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living. When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of 'No mortals on earth are so jovial as we,' that I began to think I had made a mistake; but it's close neighbourhood to the church soon convinced me that this could be no other than the Parsonage-house. On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midst of a room-full of fox-hunters in boots and hob-wigs) got up to welcome me to——, and embracing me, gave me the full flavour of his Stingo by belching in my face, as he did me the honour of saluting me. He then introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right-hand of his own elbow-chair, assured them that I was a very *honest Cock*, and loved a chace of

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five and twenty miles an end as well as any of them: to preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of Port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed into it to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole oeconomy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and an house-full of children, (the most common family of a country clergyman) he is single; unless we credit some idle whispers in the parish, that he is married to his housekeeper. The calm amusements of piquet, chess, and backgammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees his 'dearest action in the field,' and boasts that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; fox-hounds and pointers lay about in every parlour; and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots. The estimation in which he holds his friends is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him that they have found an hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came in to tell him that the clerk wanted to speak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when (instead of giving notice of a burying, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk came only to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's elder brother, Sir Thomas Quickset, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor; so that Jack has full power to beat up the game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has besides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs, from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of his office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is, in his eye,

the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear to him half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman, as to any fine lady in town: not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this day is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting and the chase. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him, he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman. He asked me to accompany him; and the more to encourage me, he assured me that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the North. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break, by a loud hallooing of 'Hark to Mer-riman!' and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter; and after we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung beef, and a horn or two of Stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon an hunter, which he assured me was never yet *thrown out*: and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting that so fine a *fest* morning should be thrown away upon a Sunday; at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and took every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had *earth'd*. At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us; but as Jack had nothing to do but to alight, pull his band out of the sermon-case, give his brown scratch bob a shake, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself both in the desk and pulpit to the entire satisfaction of all the parish, as well as the squire's; who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the squire's; who, being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was
hugely

hugely delighted with Jack's conversation. 'Church and King,' and *another* particular toast, (in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character) were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to 'Horses sound, Dogs healthy, Earth's stopt, and Foxes plenty.' When we had run over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chaces as the time would permit, the bell called us to evening prayers; after which, though the squire would fain have had us stay and take an hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church door, and rode home in the dark; because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother sportsmen, who were to lie all night

at his own house, to be in readiness to make up for the loss of Sunday, by going out a cock-shooting very early the next morning.

I must leave it to you, Cousin, to make what reflections you please on this character: only observing, that the country can furnish many instances of these ordained sportsmen, whose thoughts are more taken up with the stable or the dog-kennel, than the church: and, indeed, it will be found, that our friend Jack and all of his stamp are regarded by their parishioners, not as Parsons of the Parish, but rather as Squires in Orders.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

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Nº CVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1756.

NON HÆC SOLENNIA NOBIS
VANA SUPERSTITIO, VETERUMVE IGNARA DEORUM,
IMPOSUIT. SÆVIS, HOSPES TROJANE, PERICLIS
SERVATI FACIMUS.

VIRG.

THESE SOLEMN RITES NOR SUPERSTITION VAIN,
NOR YEARS FROM BLINDER IGNORANCE ORDAIN:
SAV'D FROM THE SHOCK, FROM DANGERS YET UNKNOWN,
HIS MERCY WE IMPORE, WHOSE POW'R WE OWN.

IT is not easy for the mind of man to recover itself from any extraordinary panic which has once seized it: for which reason we cannot be surpris'd, that many well-meaning people, who have not yet shaken off the apprehensions occasioned by the late dreadful earthquakes, should be led to conjure up new terrors, and alarm themselves with imaginary dangers. Their fears interpret every common incident, and even the change of weather, as signs of approaching destruction: if the day be calm and serene, such, they say, is the usual forerunner of a shock; or, if the night prove tempestuous, they can hardly persuade themselves that it is only the wind which rocks their houses. With this propensity to entertain any unreasonable dread about future events, it is no wonder that weak minds should be worked upon by little dabblers in philosophy, who, having gleaned a few barren scraps from the Magazines, presume even to foretel the dissolution of the world by the Comet which is expected to appear in 1758.

Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, has a passage so very apposite to these idle pretenders to science, that I shall beg leave to transcribe it.

'These people,' says he, 'are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed; or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with it's own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one and thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in it's perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun,

‘ sun, (as by their calculations they have reasons to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron; and, in it’s absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the *nucleus*, or main body of the comet, it must in it’s passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes. That the sun, daily spending it’s rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

‘ They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun’s health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of an approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.’

Let Us, however, banish from our thoughts all such vain notions, and let us fortify our minds with a true sense of religion, which will teach us to rely on the protection of that Providence which has hitherto preserved us. It is with great pleasure that I remark the unanimous concurrence of almost all ranks of people, in allowing the propriety of the present solemn Fast, as a necessary act of humiliation, to avert the wrath and vengeance of Heaven, and call down it’s mercies upon us. It is true, indeed, that no persons do more prejudice to the cause of religion, than they who cloud it’s genuine cheerfulness with the gloom of superstition, and are apt to consider every common accident that befalls us as a judgment. They clothe religion in the most terrifying habit, and (as it were) dress it up in all the horrors of the Inquisition. These people are much to be pitied; and it is to be wished that

their mistaken piety could be better regulated. But there is another set of men of a different turn, more numerous, and much more dangerous to the community, who treat every act of religion as a jest, and hold it’s most sacred ordinances in contempt. Set forms and ceremonies, though they have no essential virtue in themselves, are yet indispensably requisite to keep alive in us a quick sense of our duty. It must be allowed, indeed, that if a man could constantly employ his mind in holy meditations, exercise his virtues, and believe the mysteries of our religion, he would be a true Christian, though he never complied with any outward forms, or repeated so much as a single prayer. But it is manifest from experience, that those who neglect the ordinances, neglect also the duties of a Christian; and the least reflection on the human mind will convince us, that some external rites are necessary to settle the wandering ideas, and to fix the attention on it’s proper object. The fervent repetition of a prayer inspires us with love and gratitude towards the Deity, and kindles the sparks of devotion within us: and it is easy to conceive, that, if the celebration of public worship was neglected among us only for one year, it would be a more fatal blow to religion than all the weak attacks of infidels and free-thinkers.

But though forms may be said to compose the body, a good life is the soul of religion, without which the rest is but a dead mass. The most rigid compliance with every ordinance of the church, if it has no influence on our conduct, is rather a solemn mockery, than an atonement for our offences: as they who receive the bread and wine without a firm resolution to lead a new life, are said to eat and drink their own damnation. Wherefore, a strict observance of this or that particular day is not a sufficient discharge of our duty, except it serve to rouse us from the lethargy of sin, to awaken in us a desire of becoming worthy the protection of the Almighty, by animating our faith, amending our lives, and working in us a repentance of our transgressions. Thus the Lord’s Day is not merely set apart for devotion, with an unlimited licence to wickedness all the rest of the week; but our being particularly exercised in acts of piety for one day, is calculated to strengthen our

virtue,

virtue, and give a tincture of religion to our whole conduct through the other six.

On the present solemn occasion, I doubt not but every persuasive, tending to make this temporary Fast a lasting benefit, will be urged by the Clergy: I shall therefore content myself with touching on some laxities in the usual manner of keeping a Fast; which, though they are not of sufficient dignity to be taken notice of from the pulpit, should yet be pointed out, as the violation of the Fast in these particulars is almost universal.

The very name of a Fast implies a day of abstinence, of mortification and self-denial: which has always been enjoined as a necessary means of subduing irregular desires, and fitting us for holy meditations. For this reason, in former days, when people of quality rose earlier than even mechanics now open their shops, when the court itself dined at eleven, that meal was deferred till four o'clock, in compliance with this religious exercise, which was in those times a real abstinence, a true piece of mortification and self-denial. But if the observance of a Fast consists in not dining till four o'clock, our persons of fashion may be said to fast every day of their lives. In truth, the several hours of the day are adapted to such very different employments to what they were formerly, that our four o'clock stands in the place of their eleven: and nothing can be more absurd, (to use no harsher term) than to adhere to the form in the performance of a religious act, when by the alteration of circumstances that form flatly contradicts the very meaning of its original institution. I would also ask those rigid devotees, who observe this day in all the strictness of the letter, and would be shocked at the sight of a leg of mutton or beef-steak on their tables, whether the dining upon salt or other fish may not be considered rather

as feasting than fasting, if (as is often the case) it should happen to be a dish they are remarkably fond of. All these methods of keeping a Fast without abstinence, mortification, or self-denial, are mere quibbles to evade the performance of our duty, and entirely frustrate the design of appointing the solemnity. There is something of this nature very commonly practised in France; where there are many families who keep the whole Lent with great strictness, but the last night of it invite a great deal of company to supper. The moment the clock strikes twelve, a magnificent entertainment, consisting of all sorts of rich fare, is served up, and these most Christian debauchees sit down to indulge in luxury, without sinning against the Canon.

I cannot conclude without an earnest wish, that the observation of the present Fast may awaken in us a serious attention to our duty hereafter; that we may not seem to have barely complied with a stated form, or to have been affected with the short-lived piety of a single day. As to those who require constantly to be frightened into their duty, I will for once venture to commence prophet: and let them be assured that my predictions will infallibly come to pass. There is a danger more certain than an Earthquake or a Comet, which will inevitably overwhelm us; a danger, from which we cannot possibly guard ourselves, and which perhaps is even now at our doors. This danger I cannot better set forth, than in the alarming words of a celebrated French preacher. 'I know a man, (and I will point him out presently) who is now in this church; a man, in perfect health; a man, in the flower of his age: and yet this man, perhaps before next Sunday, perhaps by to-morrow, will be in his grave. This man, my dear brethren, is Myself who speak to you, it is You who hear me.'

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N^o CVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1756.

CEDUNT GRAMMATICI VINCUNTUR RHETORES.—

JUV.

FULL IN THE MIDST OF EUCLID DIP AT ONCE,
AND PETRIFY A GENIUS TO A DUNCE.

POPE.

TO MR. TOWN.

— COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
JAN. 30, 1756.

SIR,

I Have just now, with near an hundred more, taken the first degree which this University confers on her sons; and begin to consider within myself, in what manner we have spent our time for these four years past, and what profit we are likely to receive hereafter from our academical studies. But upon retrospection I find that, instead of having laid up a store of learning which might have been of service to us in our future connections and intercourse with mankind, we have been confounding our heads with a miscellaneous heap of nonsense, which most of us, I am certain, are endeavouring to unlearn as fast as we possibly can: instead of having acquired such a share of common sense, as might have been of service to ourselves and acquaintance, we must entirely sell off our old stock, and begin the world of literature anew. This reflection cannot be very pleasant to those, who, I must say, have squandered away so very precious a time of life; a time of life, when, though judgment perhaps is not come to maturity, yet imagination and invention, those noble offsprings of a promising mind, are in the very flower and bloom of perfection.

This seat of learning, for it undoubtedly deserves that name, has drawn and kept us together for some years: our manners, conversation, and studies, bear a great similitude; but now either chance or choice is going to disperse us over the whole kingdom; and our places of abode will scarce be more widely different than our schemes of life. Notwithstanding this, the same plan of study has been imposed on all: whether agreeable or contrary to the bent of inclination, has never been regarded. Mathematics is the standard to which all merit is referred; and all other excellences, without

these, are quite overlooked and neglected: the solid learning of Greece and Rome is a trifling acquisition; and much more so, every polite accomplishment: in short, if you will not get all Euclid and his diagrams by heart, and pore over Saunderson till you are as blind as he was himself, they will say of you, as in the motto to one of your late papers — *Altum est! illicit! perisli!* — 'Tis 'all over with you! you are ruined! 'undone!' Not that I would depreciate this kind of learning; it is certainly a most noble science, and reflects the greatest honour on human wit and invention: all that I complain of, is the unreasonable stress that is laid upon it; nay, even the most abstruse parts of it: which is still more absurd, as there are so very few heads able to perceive and retain the nice chain of reasoning and deduction, which must necessarily be made use of; and as a small number of mathematical geniuses would be sufficient for the service of his Majesty's dominions.

I take it for granted, that your sagacity has by this time discovered, that you have been addressed by a young man, whose too over-weening conceit of himself has perhaps induced him to imagine, that the University has not sufficiently rewarded his deserts: if so, you are not deceived. But though this disappointment may at present sit a little uneasy upon me, yet I think I can foresee, that it will be the most fortunate mortification that could possibly have befallen me. For, in the first place, it has sufficiently abated that upstart pride, which most young men are apt to take in their own abilities; than which nothing can be more irksome to all their acquaintance, or a greater impediment to their own real improvement. A pert scholar, whenever he enters a room of company, immediately assumes a superiority in discourse, and thinks himself obliged to correct all inproprieties in thought or expression. You must 'speak 'by the card,' as Hamlet says, or expect

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pect the censure of this superficial coxcomb. If, according to the common form of speech, you say, that there is either heat in fire, or coldness in ice, he will inform you, that you deliver yourself very inaccurately, as Mr. Locke has fully demonstrated; he will tell you, you cannot prove, that two and two make four, or that you are alive yourself. These, and a thousand other observations equally impertinent, he is continually making, to the no small uneasiness and perplexity of the ladies and honest country gentlemen.

What is still a greater misfortune, is, that a man of this cast is never likely to know any better: for, having raked together a few metaphysical distinctions and scholastic refinements, he thinks he has laid up a sufficient fund of knowledge for his whole life; he despises all common sense (which is the best sense) through an ambition of appearing particular: and as for the advice or opinion of others, those he thinks himself indispensably bound to disregard; inasmuch as such submission implies some inferiority, which he would by no means be thought to labour under. Such a disposition as this I take to be the sure and infallible token of confirmed ignorance: a melancholy instance of the depravity of human nature, that the less we know, the more we presume; and the fewer advances we have made towards true knowledge, the less occasion we think we have of any further improvement.

In the second place, if I may be allowed to judge of what I cannot possibly have experienced, I take it to be of the greatest benefit to a young person to meet with early disappointments in life: for sooner or later every one must have his share of them; and the sooner we meet with some of them the better. By this means the mind is easily made familiar with crosses and vexations, and is not thrown off its balance by every thwarting and wayward accident: by this means we submit to ills and troubles, as the necessary attendants on mankind; as on a rainy day we make ourselves quiet and contented, but hope for sunshine on the morrow. And, indeed, there seems to be a strong analogy between the inclemency of the weather attacking our bodies, and the storm of afflictions which batter our minds. The rain will beat, and the wind will roar, let us use our utmost endeavours to the

contrary; but by inuring our persons to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and using other proper methods, we shall feel no very sensible inconvenience from them. In like manner, all our skill and art cannot prevent or elude the rubs and disasters to which we are liable: but if by degrees, and early in life, we are hardened and accustomed to them, and if by the help of reason and sound philosophy, we arm and fortify ourselves against them, they may still perhaps reach us, but their shocks will be quite weak and languid; and we may say of the darts of Fortune, as Virgil says of Priam, when he hurled a javelin at Pyrrhus—

Tantum imbellis sine ictu

Conjecit

Short of its aim, and impotent to wound,
The feeble shaft falls hurtless in the ground.

Thus you see, Mr. Town, that out of a seeming evil, I have discovered a real good: and I am certain, if this method of reasoning could be made universal, we should find much fewer murmurers against the present distribution and order of things.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

B. A.

MR. TOWN,

I Am so great an admirer of the fair-sex, that I never let a tittle of their vendible writings escape me. I bought this year the Lady's Diary, merely because it was advertised as the Woman's Almanack; which I construed, the Almanack composed by a Woman; but I find I have been mistaken in my supposition. It is not the work of a female. The Christian name of the author, I have reason to believe, is Marmaduke; unless I misunderstood a most curious copy of verses, describing a most superb entertainment of fish, flesh, pies, and tarts, exhibited upon New Year's Day 1755. His Surname remains as great an enigma as any in his book. His condutors, contributors, or assistants, are Messrs. Walter Trott, Timothy Nabb, Patrick Ocavannah, John Honey, Henry S-asan, and others. I honour these gentlemen, and their works: but I own my chief delight is reading over the Riddles and Unriddles, the Questions and the Answers of Miss Sally West,

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Gent,

Cælia, Miss Nancy Evelyn, Miss E. S. Miss Atkinson, Enira, and other choice little feminine spirits of the age. Riddles are so becoming, and appear so pretty, when dandled about by ladies, that they may be compared to soft, smooth, painted, waxen babies, dressed up in a proper manner for Misses to play with, from eighteen to fourscore. But, above all, I must take this opportunity of congratulating dear Miss Fanny Harris, who, I find, 'has given an elegant Solution to a Prize Problem, by 'a Fluxionary Calculus founded on the 'Properties of Tangents,' and by that means has run away with no less than twelve Diaries for this important year 1756. As this young lady is justly called 'the honour of her sex,' and deals entirely in the Properties of Tangents, I fear she will never descend so low as *Riddleme Riddlemever*; and therefore I most humbly offer, by the vehicle of your paper, Mr. Town, a small

Riddle, invented with much pains and thought by myself, to the solution of those three ingenious Spinsters, Miss Polly Walker, Miss Grace Tetlow, and Miss Ann Rickaby, to appear in the Lady's Diary of 1757, and to receive upon appearance, as a premium, one compleat set of the Connoisseur in Pocket Volumes, to be the property of one or more of these three ladies who shall explain my *Ænigma*.

Fire and Water mix'd together,
Add to this some Salt and Tin;
Tell me, Ladies, tell me, whether
In this Mixture there is Sin?

The Solution itself, if not truly explained by the Three Graces, to whom I now address it, shall appear, by your permission, in the first Connoisseur after next New Year's Day.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
MICHAEL KRAWBIDGE.

Nº CVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1756.

TER CENTUM TONAT ORE DEOS, ERREBUNQUE, CHAOSQUE,
TERGEMINAMQUE HECATEN, TRIA VIRGINIS ORA DIANÆ.

VIRG.

DIRE EXECRATIONS SPLIT YOUR EARS ASUNDER,
DEATH! AND DAMNATION! FURIES! BLOOD! AND THUNDER!

AS there are some vices which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great; so there are others which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the shocking practice of Cursing and Swearing: a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate; and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should chuse to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an cyther woman: but it is accounted no disgrace to him, to use the same coarse expressions of Cursing and Swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a 'By Gad,' or a 'Gad dem-me,' minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression

bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beaumonts* or the *canaille*. The Swearer of either station devotes himself piece-meal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the Gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor, the Tatler, gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted Swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourse to be taken down in short-

hand;

hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprized at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *Polite Conversation*, though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable Oaths and Curses in present use at Arthur's, or any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned their choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has, indeed, provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent, according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler sort of Swearers pour forth the same execrations at the Hazard-table or in the Tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the Shuffle-board or in the Skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped in the Stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous, but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same Stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since the first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware, that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that Oaths and Curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-

fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the Devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the Swearer himself, like the Old Man in the fable, calling upon Death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would, therefore, be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar Cursing and Swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof. One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy Dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *Devil*, and *Damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to the substitutes for thought and expression. *Bottle* and *glass* might be introduced with great energy in the table talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the Knave of Clubs, or the Curse of Scotland; or he might, with some propriety, retain the old execration of The Deuce take it. The beau should be allowed to swear by his gracious self, which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist only of 'upon my word,' and 'upon my honour,' which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

N^o CIX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1756.

INTERDUM VULGUS RECTUM VIDET; EST, UBI PECCAT.

HOR.

WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS, IS OFTEN TRUE;
BUT VERY OFTEN 'TIS A FALSEHOOD TOO.

THE world is indebted to that ingenious inquirer after truth, the famous Sir Thomas Brown, for an excellent treatise, in which he has refuted several idle and ridiculous opinions that prevailed in his time; to which work he has very properly given the title of *Vulgar Errors*. Among others, of no less importance, he has taken great pains to explode the common notion, that a witch can make a voyage to the East Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles across the country on a broom-stick: an assertion, maintained by that wise monarch, King James the First, who even condescended to commence author in support of it. He has also refuted the generally received opinion, that the Devil is black, has horns upon his head, wears a long curling tail, and a cloven stump; nay, has even denied, that wheresoever he goes, he always leaves a smell of brimstone behind him; and has no less seriously endeavoured to shew the absurdity of the supposition, that Adam and Eve were born into the world without navels. But all these mistaken notions, though they might possibly obtain belief in former times of superstition and ignorance, could never have been countenanced in this more enlightened age. So far from acknowledging the power of witchcraft, we even doubt the existence of the Witch of Endor: that illustrious personage the Devil is only looked upon as a mere bugbear; and the lowest mechanics have been taught at the Robin Hood Society, that the whole account of our first parents is nothing but a fiction and an old woman's story.

Since the days of Sir Thomas Brown such strange revolutions have happened among us, in the arts and sciences, in religion, in politics, and in common life, that I cannot but think a work, intended as a supplement to the above-mentioned treatise of *Vulgar Errors*, would be highly acceptable to the public, since it is notorious, that many te-

nets, which were then thought indisputable truths among all ranks of people, are now proved to be erroneous, and are only credited by the uninformed vulgar. A work of this nature it is my intention shortly to publish: in the mean time, I shall content myself with laying the following specimen of the performance before my readers.

The ignorance of the multitude has hitherto pronounced it 'to be absolutely impossible that a Maid can be with child.' But it is well known to the learned, that in these later times there have been many instances of maiden-mothers: though, whether they are impregnated by the west wind, like Virgil's mares, or, as it was said of Juno, by eating a salad; whether they bring forth, as Dutch ladies do, Sooterkins; whether they conceive by intuition, or the operation of the fancy; or by what other cause, has not been ascertained. Several instances have been recorded, among the Roman Catholicks, of Nuns and Lady Abbesses, who have miraculously proved with child: and here in England we have more than once heard of the pregnancy of a Maid of Honour. I myself know a lady, almost approaching to the verge of an old maid, who was very much bloated and puffed up with the wind-cholic; for relief of which she went into the country for a month, and was unexpectedly seized with the pangs of child-birth. I have been told of another, a virgin of the most unspotted character, who very unaccountably fell into labour, just as they were going to tap her for the dropsy. An eminent man midwife of my acquaintance was in the beginning of his practice called to a virgin, who, to his great surprize, brought forth an embryo, in form and appearance exactly resembling a man-drake. This he considered as a most wonderful *Lusus Nature*; and had actually drawn up an account of it (with a figure of the monster (to be laid before the Royal Society: but in less than

a twelve-

a twelvemonth he delivered the same lady, who still continued in a state of virginity, of another false conception, like the former; and for many years after, this prodigy of a virgin had several other monstrous and preternatural births of the same kind. He further assures me, that he has since very frequently met with these *phenomenas*; and that the only difference between maids and married women in this point is, that the former do not manifest the signs of pregnancy so fully in their waists, nor do they cry out so vehemently in their labour-pains; and it is remarkable that they never chuse to suckle their children.

It is vulgarly supposed, that 'the events of Gaming are regulated by blind chance and fortune:' but the wise and polite, that is, the Knowing Ones, cannot but smile at the absurdity of this notion; though even the sagacious Hoyle and Demoivre themselves, by the nicety of their calculations of chances, seem to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine. The professors at Arthur's, and the experienced adepts in the mysteries of Gaming, kindly condescend to give lessons at reasonable rates, to those novices who imagine that the events of play, like those of war, are uncertain; and so cogent is their method of instruction, that they never fail to convince their pupils, that success at dice, as well as bowls, depends upon a skilful management of the *Bias*, and that the cards are not shuffled by the blind hand of Fortune.

It is a notion confined wholly to the Vulgar, that 'Matrimony brings people together:' but it is notorious, that in higher life a Marriage is the most effectual method to keep them asunder. It is impossible for a man and his wife ever to be seen together in public; and a person of quality had rather enjoy a *tête à tête* with any body's wife but his own, in private. Genteel couples have separate amusements, pay separate visits, keep separate company, lie in separate beds, and (like the man and woman in a weather-house) are never seen together: nay more, if they are very genteel indeed, the lady has her separate maintenance. On the contrary, if a man of fashion has a *tendre* for an unmarried lady, they reside in the same house, partake of the same diversions, and observe every other article of the strictest cohabitation. The surest way of dissolving a connection of this sort

is to marry. Sir John Brute bluntly declares, that, if he was married to an hoghead of claret, the thought of Matrimony would make him hate it. Thus, in general, the very names of Wife and Husband are sufficient to destroy all affection: and it was but a day or two ago that I met with a sprightly young gentleman much of the same opinion with Sir John; who being reproached for neglecting his lady for a mistress, and reminded that Man and Wife were one flesh, replied, that it was very true, and what pleasure could he have in touching his own flesh? Modern Wedlock, therefore, may be rather said to divide than unite: at least, if matrimony ever brings folks together for a time, it is only to separate them more effectually; as, according to the principles of action and re-action, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other, by the principles of repulsion.

It may be well called a Vulgar Error, since none but the Vulgar think so, that 'the Sabbath is a day of rest.' It is, as experience teaches us, a day of business with some, of pleasure with others, but of rest with none. It is true, indeed, that a cessation from worldly occupations, together with roast beef and plumb-pudding, were formerly the characteristics of the Sabbath in England: but these inactive principles are now entirely out of fashion; nor do I know any person, who is strictly debarred from exercising his employment on that day, except the Sheriff's Officer. The exact citizen, nicely calculating the damages he would sustain, *on an average*, by the loss of the seventh part of his time, defrauds the Sabbath of it's due right, as he cheats his customers, *in the way of trade*. As to people of quality, they, I suppose, (duly considering how prodigal they are of their lives by adhering to the polite system) are willing to husband the little time allotted them, by adding 'night to day, and Sunday to the week.'

If Old Woman was not a term frequently made use of by the perverse and impolite multitude, I should hardly attempt to prove so clear and obvious a proposition, as that 'there is no such thing in the creation as an Old Woman.' Old Women are, indeed, mentioned by some few Writers: but I have always looked upon their existence

to be as chimerical, as that of the Brob-
dignags of the Yahoos; and I do not be-
lieve, that there has ever been such an
animal in nature since the Flood. In
the present distant period we are unable
to conceive the least idea of such a crea-
ture, as the same appearance of youth,
the same lilies and roses bloom on the
faces of the whole sex. For a proof of
this, if we look round at the opera, the
playhouse, a lady's rout, or any other
assembly, we may observe, that all our
girls, whether of a smaller or of a larger
growth, assume the same air of gaiety
and intrigue, and wear the same com-
plexions. A limner of great business
has often declared to me, that though
he has had several mothers, and grand-
mothers, and great grand-mothers sit
on him, he never yet drew the picture
of an Old Woman. Medea is said to
have renewed the youth and vigour of
her father Æson by boiling him with
certain magic herbs in a cauldron: but
I will not presume to say, that our ladies
are preserved from old-age by stewing
in a copper; or that, according to a
more modern notion, Old Women are

ground young again by a mill. This,
however, is certain; that youth, as well
as beauty, is the perpetual prerogative
of the female sex; and that age, though
it fits venerable on a man, would no
more become a lady than a beard.

In an age so enlightened as the pre-
sent, when we have thrown off all other
mean prejudices of nature and educa-
tion, it is no wonder that we should
discard the Gospel; and I am almost in
doubt, whether I should mention the
belief of it as a Vulgar Error, since it
daily loses it's credit among us. Where-
fore, if I may not be allowed to set
down the belief in a God, a Saviour, a
Future State, the Immortality of the
Soul, &c. &c. as prevailing Errors, I
cannot omit so fair an opportunity of
congratulating my cotermporaries on
their having overcome them. Nor can
I better conclude this paper, than by
an hint to my friends, the Freethinkers,
cautioning them to consider, whether,
if we were made by chance, the world
was made by chance, and every thing
else was made by chance; there may not
also be an Hell by chance. Q

N^o CX. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756.

CONTRACTA MELIUS PARVA CUPIDINE
VECTIGALIA PORRIGAM.

HOR.

VIRTUE SHALL GO SCOT-FREE; OUR NEW EXCISE
FROM VICE AND POLLY SHALL RAISE LARGE SUPPLIES.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,
EVERY Englishman, who has the
good of his country at heart, must
lament the perplexity which our mini-
sters labour under, in contriving ways
and means to raise money for the pre-
sent exigence of affairs. I have with
pleasure hearkened to the several projects
proposed in the debates of patriots in
our coffee-houses and private clubs: but
though I find they are unanimous in
allowing the necessity of levying new
taxes, every one is willing to shift off
the burden from himself.

I was introduced the other night into
a set of worthy citizens, who very zeal-
ously took this subject into considera-
tion over their evening pipe. One of
them, a grave gentleman, pulling the
Evening Post out of his pocket, and

putting on his spectacles, read aloud to
us the several methods already proposed;
to which many wise objections were im-
mediately started by the company.
“What’s that?” says an old Don, who
I afterwards found had a small estate in
houses; “An additional duty upon
bricks, and pan-tiles and plain-tiles?”
“I suppose they will lay a duty upon
plain-tile pegs by and bye.” This
speech was received with an hearty
chuckle of applause from the rest of the
company; when another took occasion
to observe—“That he very much ap-
proved the scheme for laying a larger
tax upon cards and dice;” one of which
he called the *devil’s books*, and the other
his *bones*. The duty upon plate might
perhaps have passed into a law in this
assembly, if it had not been vehemently
opposed by one member, (whom I dis-
covered to be a silversmith,) in which he

was

was seconded by the landlord of the house, who had a seat in this meeting, and told us—'that it would lie very hard upon publicans, as nobody would now drink their porter out of a pewter-pot.' These and the like arguments induced us to set aside all the projects that had been offered hitherto, and to consult together in order to find new ones in their room; among which I could not but smile at the proposal of an honest peruke-maker, who advised the laying of a poll-tax upon all that wore their own hair—'For,' says he, 'we have never had good times since wigs were out of fashion. What rare days were those in Queen Anne's reign, when the nobility and gentry wore large flaxen flows of thirty guineas price! And, as you may see by my Lord Godolphin's monument in Westminster Abbey, a prime minister's wig could not be made, I am sure, under fifty guineas.'

The discourse, that passed at this society of politicians, has led me to turn my thoughts on devising some method that might answer the present demands for a supply, without the least injury to the community. On this account I am of opinion, that private vices (according to the favourite tenet of Maundeville) may in some measure be converted into public benefits, by laying a certain tax or duty on the fashionable amusements of the gay and polite world. For this purpose I have, with great pains and labour, contrived a plan, a few heads of which, without further preface, I shall (with your leave) submit to the consideration of those whom it may concern.

First then, I would propose, that no person of quality, or others, should be allowed to keep any route, drum, assembly, visiting-day, (or whatever other name it may hereafter be called by) at which more than one hundred persons shall be found assembled, without paying a certain rate for every such route, drum, &c. The number of these meetings which are held in this town, (including the city of London and the suburbs thereof) I have computed, upon an exact calculation, to amount annually to eight thousand three hundred and upwards: so that if a duty, at only sixpence *per* head, were to be levied upon the company, it would bring in a prodigious income to the government; deducting for the decrease consequent of this tax, as also for those which we may

expect will be smuggled, or carried on clandestinely. And, as gaming is an essential diversion at all these meetings, I would further advise, that every card-table be entered, in the same manner as all wheel-carriages, and a proportionable rate fixed on them, according to the degree and quality of the owners. Be it enacted moreover, that extraordinary licences shall be taken out for playing at cards on the Sabbath day; but that these be granted only to persons of the highest rank and fashion.

At the present juncture of affairs every one will agree with me, that if an absolute prohibition be impracticable, an heavy duty should be laid on the importation of French fashions and fopperies into this kingdom. It is therefore but reasonable that all French cooks, valets de chambre, milliners, manteau-makers, hair-cutters, &c. should be at least doubly taxed, as it is notorious that they exact from the dupes, who employ them, more than double the wages or price of their labours, that our own modest countrymen would require. This tax, I make no doubt, would produce no inconsiderable sum for the public use; and as our ladies, though I would not suspect that they have French hearts, are ambitious of wearing French complexions, a further sum might also be raised by fixing an high duty upon *rouge* and *carmine*.

There are many other particulars in the fashionable world, which might be turned in the same manner to the public good. A tax on kept mistresses, for example; who are now become so very numerous, that I question not but a duty, properly levied on them, would be sufficient to maintain all the widows of our soldiers and sailors who shall happen to be killed in the service. An heavy duty might also be laid on all Bagnios, French-wine-houses, Covent Garden coffee-houses, &c. and since, in spite of laws and decency, these places are suffered to be kept open, it is surely equitable that they should pay round taxes for the relief of the nation, as well as an annual tribute for the connivance of the neighbouring Justices. To add to this scheme, and to make vice and folly further contribute to the public necessity, I would also propose, that Messieurs Harris, Derry, and the rest of the fraternity of Pimpe, retained as caterers to the voluptuous at any tavern

or hagnio, should enter all the *backs* in their service at an excise-office appropriated to this purpose; and that, to prevent frauds, as well as to point out the means of application to the office for redress in case of complaint, these *backs* should be all marked and numbered like the hackney-coaches.

As it is incumbent on every Englishman to expose his life in defence of his country against the common enemy, I must particularly recommend, that some means may be devised, that the gallant tears of those men of honour, who rather chuse to risk their lives in the modish way of duelling, may be attended with some advantage to their countrymen. I would therefore advise, that swords and pistols, of a settled length and bore, with the Tower-stamp, be provided by the government for the use of Duellists, and that they shall not presume to make use of any other, under pain of incurring the guilt of murder. These weapons may be let out at a certain price; and if one of the parties happen to kill the other, the survivor shall be subject to a fine according to his rank and station, and a jury shall be directed to bring in the verdict, *Self-defence*. In like manner, persons of quality may have leave granted them to put an end to their own lives, after an ill run at cards, or the like emergent occasions;

when, on paying a certain rate, they may be indulged in a private execution from the hands of Jack Ketch, and the Coroner's inquest shall be directed to bring in their verdict, *Lunacy*. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

TO MR. TOWN.

AS you are a Connoisseur, I shall make no apology for desiring you to give the following Advertisement (which has already appeared in the Daily Advertiser) a place in some corner of your paper. By doing this, you will greatly oblige the *Virtuosi in Flowers*, as well as

Your humble servant, &c.

TO BE SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION,

AT HALF A GUINEA EACH PLANT,

AN *Auricula* raised by Mr. William Redmond, at Islington, named the Triumph; having fine *Grass*, a strong *Stem*, a certain *Blower*, a large *Trusser*, the *Fingers* a just Length, a good *Pip* for Size and Shape, the *Eye* extremely white, the *Thrum* full, the *Margin* a beautiful Purple Black, finely variegated with Silver and Green, continues long in *Bloom*, and dies in *Colour*. No Plant to be sold for less than one Guinea after the Subscription is closed, until the *Bloom* is over.

N^o CXI. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

TANDEM DESINE MATREM.

HOR.

WITH DEAR MAMMA O MAKE NOT SUCH A POTHER!
BUT STRIVE TO BE A MAN BEFORE YOUR MOTHER.

THE generality of the young unmarried ladies of the present age dislike no company so much as the elderly persons of their own sex, whether married or unmarried. Going with an old maiden aunt, a mamma, or grandmamma, to the play or to Ranelagh, is so insipid an amusement, that it robs their entertainment of the very name of a party of pleasure. To be handed into a box, walk in the public gardens, or make one at a card-table or a route, with a sprightly young nobleman, or gallant colonel of the guards, has some life in it; but to be kept perpetually under the wing of an old lady, can have

no charms for a woman of spirit. The presence of these antiquated females imposes a constraint on their behaviour: they are, indeed, like the *Duennas* in Spain, spies on the conduct of the gay and young; and a good old gentleman, with a blooming beauty by her side, watches her every motion, and is as much frightened, if the pretty creature makes any advances to a man, as an hen, who has been foster-mother to a brood of ducklings, is alarmed at their taking to the water.

This loose coquet behaviour so much in vogue, and consequently so gentle, has, I must own, no charms in my eye,

as a modest deportment appears to me most natural and becoming in the fair sex; and I am always glad to see a young lady of sufficient sense and discretion, to behave with an innocent cheerfulness, instead of apparent uneasiness and constraint, before her more aged female friends and relations. But though a daughter should prefer no company to her mother, a son, always dangling at the side of his mamma, would appear as ridiculous as if he wore his sister's petticoats: and however amiable this maidenly demeanor might seem in a young girl, I cannot view it with equal approbation in the character of a Male-Virgin—a character with which I shall here present the reader, as drawn by one of my correspondents.

TO MR. TOWN.

YOU have already given us several instances of those ambiguous creatures among the men, who are both male and female; permit me to add to them an account of those lady-like gentlemen, whom we may distinguish by the title of *their mother's own sons*; who have in vain changed the bib and leading-strings for the breeches, and stick as close to their mammas, as a great calf to the side of an old cow. I am intimately acquainted with one of these over-grown babies; who is indeed too big to be dandled in a lap, or fed with a pap-spoon, though he is no more weaned from his mother, than if he had not yet quitted the nursery.

The delicate Billy Suckling is the contempt of the men, the jest of the women, and the darling of his mamma. She doats on him to distraction; and is in perpetual admiration of his wit, and anxiety for his health. The good young gentleman, for his part, is neither undutiful nor ungrateful: she is the only woman that he does not look on with indifference; and she is his tutorefs, his physician, and his nurse. She provides his broth every evening; will not suffer him to look into a book by candle-light, lest he should hurt his eyes; and takes care to have his bed warmed: nay, I have known him sit with his mamma's white handkerchief round his neck through a whole visit, to guard him from the wind of that *ugly door*, or that terrible *chink in the wainscot*.

But however familiarly he may be-

have in his addresses to his mother, and whatever little acts of gallantry may pass between them, no encouragement can prevail on him to treat other women with the same freedom. Being once desired at a ball to dance a minuet, instead of taking out any of the young ladies, he could pitch upon no partner so agreeable, to whom he might offer the compliment of his hand, as his mother; and I remember, when he was once called upon in a large company at a tavern to give a lady in his turn, he plainly shewed who was the sole mistress of his affections, by toasting his mother. The gallant custom of challenging a lady to drink a bumper, by leaving it to her option whether she will have *hob* or *nob*, frequently gives a delicious flavour to the liquor, especially when, as I have known it happen, joining the lips of the glasses has proved a prelude to a meeting between the lips of the parties: but he could not be prevailed on to accept a glass of claret from the fairest hand, though a kiss were sure to follow it. I have known him so very nice, as to refuse a glass of sack filled with walnuts, which had been peeled by the snowy fingers of a beautiful young lady; though I have seen him smack his lips after a glass of raisin wine, in which his prudent mother had been dabbling with her snuffy finger, in order to fish out the small particles of cork, which might possibly have choked him. If a lady drops her fan, he sits without any emotion, and suffers her to stoop for it herself; or if she strikes her tea-cup against the saucer to give notice that it is empty, he pays no regard to the signal, but sees her walk up to the tea-table, without stirring from his chair. He would rather leave the most celebrated beauty, in crossing the street, to the mercy of a drayman, than trust her with his little finger: though, at the same time, should his mother be so distressed, he would not scruple to bear as much of her weight as he could stand under, and to redeem her silk stockings from jeopardy, would even expose his own.

One would imagine that this extreme coyness and reserve, in which he so remarkably differs from the generality of his own sex, would in another respect as effectually distinguish him from the generality of women: I mean, that being less polite in his address than a footman, we should hardly expect to find

him more loquacious than a chambermaid. But this is really the case: suffer him to take the lead in conversation, and there are certain topics, in which the most prating gossip at a christening would find it difficult to cope with him. The strength of his constitution is his favourite theme: he is constantly attempting to prove that he is not susceptible of the least injury from cold; though a hoarseness in his voice, and the continual interruptions of a consumptive cough, give him the lie in his throat at the end of every sentence. The instances, indeed, by which he endeavours to prove his hardiness, unluckily rather tend to convince us of the delicacy of his frame, as they seldom amount to more than his having kicked off the bed-cloaths in his sleep, laid aside one of his flannel waistcoats in a hot day, or tried on a new pair of pumps before they had been sufficiently aired. For the truth of these facts he always appeals to his mamma, who vouches for him with a sigh, and protests that his carelessness would ruin the constitution of an horse.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary part of his character. This pusillanimous creature thinks himself, and would be thought, a Buck. The noble fraternity of that order find that their reputation can be no otherwise maintained, than by prevailing on an Irish chairman now and then to favour them with a broken head, or by conferring the same token of their esteem on the unmarried and defenceless waiters at a tavern. But these feats are by no means suited to the disposition of our

hero: and yet he always looks upon his harmless exploits as the bold frolics of a Buck. If he escapes a nervous fever a month, he is quite a Buck: if he walks home after it is dark, without his mamma's maid to attend him, he is quite a Buck: if he sits up an hour later than his usual time, or drinks a glass or two of wine without water, he calls it a debauch; and because his head does not ache the next morning, he is quite a Buck. In short, a woman of the least spirit within the precincts of St. James's, would demolish him in a week, should he pretend to keep pace with her in her irregularities; and yet he is ever dignifying himself with the appellation of a Buck.

Now might it not be giving this gentleman an useful hint, Mr. Town, to assure him, that while milk and water is his darling liquor, a Bamboo cane his Club, and his mother the sole object of his affections, the world will never join him in denominating him a Buck: that if he fails in this attempt, he is absolutely excluded from every order in society; for whatever his deserts may be, no assembly of antiquated virgins can ever acknowledge him for sister, nature having as deplorably disqualified him for that rank in the community, as he has disqualified himself for every other: and that, though he never can arrive at the dignity of leading apes in hell, he may possibly be condemned to dangle in that capacity at the apron-string of an old maid in the next world, for having so abominably resembled one in this.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W. C.

Nº CXII, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

AUREUS AXIS ERAT, TEMO AUREUS, AUREA SUMMÆ
CURVATURA ROTÆ, RADIORUM ARGENTEUS ORDO:
PER JUGA CHRYSOLITHI, POSITÆQUE EX ORDINE GEMMÆ.

OVID.

HERE ON A PAIR ONE'S HEAD-DRESS SPARKLING STICKS,
SWINGING ON SILVER SPRINGS, A COACH AND SIX;
THERE ON A SPRIG OR SLOP'D POMFON YOU SEE
A CHARIOT, SULKY, CHAISE, OR VIS-A-VIS.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has for a long time been observable, that the ladies heads have run much upon wheels; but of late there

has appeared a strange kind of inversion, for the wheels now run upon the ladies heads. As this assertion may probably puzzle many readers, who pay no attention to the rapid and whimsical revolu-

tions

tions of modern taste, it will be necessary to inform them, that instead of a cap, the present mode is for every female of fashion to load her head with some kind of carriage; whether they are made with broad wheels or not I cannot determine; however, as they are undoubtedly excluded the Turnpike Act, it is by no means material. Those heads which are not able to bear a coach and six (for vehicles of this sort are very apt to crack the brain) so far act consistently with prudence as to make use of a post-chariot, or a single-horse chaise with a beau perching in the middle.

The curiosity I had of knowing the purport of this invention, and the general name of these machines, led me to make inquiry about them of a fashionable milliner at the court end of the town. She obliged me with the sight of one of these equipages, designed for the head of a lady of quality, which I surveyed with much admiration; and placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myself, like Gulliver, taking up the Empress of Lilliput in her state-coach. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple greys of blown glass, with a coachman, postilion, and gentleman within, of the same brittle manufacture. Upon further enquiry, the milliner told me, with a smile, that it was difficult to give a reason for inventions so full of whim, but that the name of this ornament (if it may be called such) was a *Capriole* or *Cabriole*; which we may trace from the same original with our English word *Caprice*, both being derived from the French word *cabrer*, which signifies *to prance like an horse*.

It is not to be doubted but that this fashion took its rise among the ladies from their fondness for equipage; and I dare say, that every fair one, who carries a coach and six upon her head, would be glad to be carried with equal splendour in a coach of her own. I would therefore propose a scheme which might render this whimsical mode of some kind of service to both sexes; by which the ladies may give a tacit hint of their inclinations without the least breach of modesty; the men may prevent the danger and inconvenience attending the present method of advertising for wives; and the whole course of a

modern courtship may be carried on by means of this new head-dress.

Instead of a *Capriole*, suppose this capital decoration was called a *Scutcheon* of *Pretenace*, which must not here be understood as a term of Heraldry, but as an invitation to matrimony. Thus, if a lady presumes that she has a right, either from her wit, beauty, merit, or fortune, to pretend to a set of horses, let six bright bays, blacks, or greys, prance down one side of her head; and according to the rank she insists upon, let a ducal or an earl's coronet, or a bloody hand be distinguished upon her *Capriole*. The females of less ambition may likewise express their inclinations by a post-chariot and pair; and even those who, from a due consideration of the low condition of the funds, are so condescending as to stoop to a plain cit, have nothing to do but to fix upon their heads a single-horse chaise, filled with a loving couple, sticking as close together as two dried figs. As to those who have rashly vowed virginity, if their great proneness to censure the rest of the sex, and the fretfulness of their aspect, be not sufficient indications to keep the men at a distance, they may erect upon their noddles a formal female seated in a Sulky, foolishly pleased with having the whole vehicle to herself, and awkwardly exercising the imaginary power of having the sole command of the reins.

As a further means of facilitating this new method of courtship, I must beg leave to propose, that every lady's bosom should, instead of a pendent cross, which savours of popery, be ornamented with a chain and locket, something like those bottle-tickets which direct us to port, claret, or burgundy, upon which might be curiously engraved the numbers two hundred, five hundred, or a thousand, according to the settlement excepted. But to those female Quixotes who scorn the *Capriole*, and erect *Windmills* upon their heads instead of it, I shall offer a word of advice worthy their attention; which is, that they would provide a pipe of communication, to be conveyed from these machines to the brain, and constituted upon the model of the ingenious Dr. Hale's ventilators, that, whenever the sails of the Windmill are put into motion by the external air, they may draw off all pernicious vapours, which may occasion a virgin

in the inside, as well as on the outside of their heads.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

H.

I am much pleased with the proposal of my ingenious correspondent, and think it particularly well adapted to the present disposition of the ladies. A fondness for showy equipages is now become one of their darling passions; and the splendour in which they are to be maintained, seems to be one of the chief considerations in modern matches. If a fine lady can be carried to court in a chair richly ornamented, or roll to the opera in a gilt chariot, she little considers with how disagreeable a companion she goes through the journey of life: and a polite female would no more fix her affections on a man who drives but a beggarly pair, than she could be contented with being tumbled down to his country seat, like Punch's wife to Rumford, in a wheel-barrow.

The ladies having thus strongly manifested their passion for equipage, the gentlemen, I suppose, out of mere gallantry, and in order to further the gratification of their desires, have taken great pains to convert themselves into coachmen, grooms, and jockies. The flapped hat, the jenny frock with plate buttons and a leathern belt, and the pride which some young men of quality take in driving, are all calculated the better to qualify them for being the ladies' humble servants. I am therefore for extending my correspondent's scheme; and as the ladies now adorn their heads with the sign of a coach and six, like the door of a Meuse alehouse, I would have the gentlemen also bear these emblematical vehicles; by which the other sex may, by a single glance at a lover's head, see in what state they will be supported; as we know a clergyman by his rose, or an officer by his cockade.

The pretty fellows, who study dress, might shew a great deal of invention in suiting their *Caprioles* to their circumstances. Any nobleman or gentleman, who has the honour to be a *Knowing One*, might shew his affection for the turf by carrying the horse and jockey; another, who is an excellent driver, might bear his own figure exalted in a Phæton; and a third, who thinks of picking up a partner for life that can be pleased with a *tête-à-tête* or so-

ber piquet party with her husband, may bear a *vis-à-vis*. In a word, all the different proposals of various suitors might be made by means of these ornaments, which might be worn over the foreheads of the beaux, like the white horse in the grenadiers caps; and the ladies might be as much smitten with a promising *Capriole* on the head of a lover, as heretofore with an elegant periwig.

If this mode should prevail, the concluding a treaty of marriage between two persons of quality might be considered in the same light, and expressed in the same terms, as *making a match* at Newmarket; and instead of the hackneyed phrases at present used by our news-writers, we might perhaps see the important articles concerning marriages drawn up after the following manner.

We hear that a match will be shortly made between the mourning coach and six of a merchant's widow, with a great jointure, and an hunter, in fine order, belonging to a younger brother of a noble family.

A running horse, highly valued for his blood, is expected to start soon with a young filly from Yorkshire. Many thousand pounds are depending on this match.

A few days ago a young fellow from Ireland, mounted on a single horse, attacked an heiress in her coach and six. The lady made little or no resistance, and suffered herself to be taken out of the coach, and carried off behind him.

A gay coach and six, belonging to a young heir just of age, came to town last week in great splendour, and was intended to be matched with an equipage of the same kind: but having unfortunately run against Arthur's Chocolate-house, it broke down, and the owner was very much hurt.

We hear from Bath that the post-chaise of a young lady of great beauty lately made it's appearance in the long room, and soon after went off with the landau of a neighbouring country squire.

We are also informed from the same place, that an old-fashioned two-wheel chaise with a single horse, contrived to hold only one person, had driven about the walks for some time; but having jostled against the Sulky of an old bachelor, in his grand climacteric, it was judged expedient to join them together; when they formed a most agreeable *vis-à-vis* for the mutual accommodation of both parties.

N^o CXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

● SANCTAS GENTES, QUIBUS HÆC NASCUNTUR IN MORTIS
NUMINA! ————— JUV.

○ HALLOW'D GROUND! A GROVE HERE REV'REND NODS,
HERE THICK PLANTATIONS RISE OF ALL THE GODS.

VIRTU is almost the only instance in which the appearance of literary knowledge is affected in the present age; and our persons of rank acquire just enough scholarship to qualify themselves for Connoisseurs. This sort of students become sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the ancients, to learn the less interesting particulars concerning them. They can distinguish a Tiberius from a Trajan, know the Pantheon from the Amphitheatre, and can explain the difference between the *prætexta* and the *tunica*: which (only supposing the present times to have elapsed some hundred year) is just as deep knowledge, as if some future antiquarian should discover the difference between a *Carolus* and an *Anna*, or St. Paul's church and Drury Lane playhouse, or a full trimmed suit and a French frock.

But the full display of modern polite learning is exhibited in the decoration of parks, gardens, &c. and centered in that important monosyllable, Taste. Taste comprehends the whole circle of the polite arts, and sheds it's influence on every lawn, avenue, grass-plot, and parterre. Taste has peopled the walks and gardens of the great with more numerous inhabitants than the ancient Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads. While infidelity has expunged the Christian Theology from our creed, Taste has introduced the Heathen Mythology into our gardens. If a pond is dug, Neptune, at the command of Taste, emerges from the basin, and presides in the middle; or if a villa is cut through a grove, it must be terminated by a Flora or an Apollo: As the ancients held that every spot of ground had it's guardian Genius, and that woodland deities were pegged in the knotty entrails of every tree, so in the gardens laid out by modern Taste, every walk is peopled with gods and goddesses, and every corner of it has it's tutelar deity. Temples are erected to all the train of deities mentioned in Homer or Ovid, which edi-

fices, as well as their several statues, are adorned with Latin or Greek inscriptions; while the learned owner wonders at his own surprising stock of literature, which he sees drawn out at large before him, like the whole knowledge of an apothecary inscribed upon his gallipots.

These persons of Taste may be considered as a sort of learned idolaters, since they may be almost said to adore these graven images, and are quite enthusiastic in their veneration of them. The following letter may possibly give them some offence; but as I have myself no extravagant fondness for a Jupiter Tonans, or a Belvidere Apollo, I heartily wish the scheme proposed by my correspondent may take place, though it should reduce the price of heathen god-heads.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AT a time when all wise heads are considering the ways and means to raise taxes, that may prove the least oppressive to indigence, and most effectually restrictive of luxury, permit me to propose (as a supplement to the thoughts of one of your correspondents on this subject) a national tax upon Gods.

It is a strange, but an undeniable truth, Mr. Town, that if you and I were to travel through England, and to visit the citizen in his country box, the nobleman at his seat, the esquire at the hall-house, and even the divine at his parsonage, we should find the gardens, avenues, and groves, belonging to each mansion, stuffed and ornamented with Heathen Gods.

In the present declining state of our established religion, I almost tremble to consider what may be the consequences of these ready-made deities. Far be it from me to suppose that the great and the rich will worship any God whatsoever: but still I am induced to fear, that the poor and the vulgar, when they find all other worship ridiculed and laid aside,

may

may foolishly take to these molten images, and adore every leaden godhead they can find. If a tax on wheels has put down some hundreds of coaches, by a parity of reason, a tax upon Gods may pull down an equal, if not a greater number of statues. I would also offer another proposal, which is this: That an oak be immediately planted wherever a statue has been taken away; by which means those vast woods, which of late years have been cut down in England, to supply the immediate necessities of the illustrious Arthurites in St. James's Street, may be in some measure supplied to future generations.

Among our present taxes, some of them fall upon branches of splendor not totally luxurious. Wheel-carriages may be necessary; want of health or lameness of limbs may require them: but what necessities can we pretend for statues in our gardens, *Penates* in our libraries, and *Lares* on every chimney-piece? I have remarked many wild whims of this kind, that have appeared submissions, if not attachments, to idolatry. A gentleman of my acquaintance has destroyed his chapel, merely because he could not put up statues in it; and has filled his garden with every god that can be found in Spence's Polymetis. Another of my friends, after having placed a Belvedere Apollo very conspicuously and naked upon the top of a mount, has erected an Obelisk to the Sun: and this expence he has not put himself to for the beauty of the Obelisk, for it is not beautiful, nor again for the splendour of the planet, which is of pewter double gilt, but only because, being in possession of copies or originals of every deity that Greece or Italy could boast, he was resolved to have the God of Persia, to complete his collection. A poll tax therefore upon gods and goddesses, be their representation what it will, Suns, Dogs, Moons, or Monkies, is absolutely necessary, and would infallibly bring in a large revenue to the state.

Happening to be the other day at Slaughter's Coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, I saw two very fine statues of Fame and Fortune, brought out of Mr. Roubilliac's gate, and exposed to view, before they were nailed up and carted. The boy of the house told us they were to be placed upon the top of Sir Thomas

—'s chapel in Hampshire. 'Is it for such as these,' observed a sneering papist, who stood near me, 'that crucifixes have been removed, and that reverend saints and martyrs have been destroyed, and pounded into dust? Is it for these that St. Peter has been broken to pieces, and St. Paul melted down into water-pipes? Must Our Lady make room for Proserpine? and the holy giant St. Christopher fall a victim to the Farnesian Hercules? Will you not agree with me, Sir,' continued he, 'that as men are induced, and almost constrained, to judge of others by their own manners and inclinations; we, who are supposed to worship the images of Christians, must naturally conclude, that the Protestants of the Church of England worship the images of Heathens?' I confess I was at a loss how to answer the acuteness of his questions; and must own, that I cannot help thinking St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, or St. Dunstan taking the Devil by the nose, as proper ornaments for a chapel as any Pagan Deities whatever.

Hitherto I have kept you entirely among the molten images without doors; but were we to enter the several mansions whose avenues and demesnes are adorned in the manner I describe, we should find every chamber a pagod, filled with all the monstrous images that the idolatry of India can produce. I will not presume to infer that the ladies address Kitoos (prayers which the Japanese make use of in time of public distress) to their Ingens, but I am apt to surmise, that in times of danger and invasion, some of your fair readers would be more alarmed at the approach of the French to their china than to their chapels, and would sooner give up a favourite lap-dog, than a grotesque chimney-piece figure of a Chinese saint with numberless heads and arms. I have not yet digested my thoughts, in what manner the fair sex ought to be taxed. It is a tender point, and requires consideration. At present, I am of opinion, they ought to be spared, and the whole burthen entirely laid upon those Bramins and Imans, whose idolatrous temples lie publicly open to our streets. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

MOSES ORTHODOX.

N° CXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

VESANUM TETIGISSE TIMENT, FUGIUNTQUE POETAM.

HOR.

FLY! NEIGHBOURS, FLY! HE RAVES; HIS VERSES SHOW IT;
 FLY! OR YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU'RE BIT BY A MAD POET.

I Remember, when I was very young, a relation carried me to visit a gentleman who had wrote some pieces that had been very well received, and made me very happy by promising to introduce me to an Author. As soon as I came I surveyed his whole person from top to toe with the strictest attention; sat open-mouthed to catch every syllable that he uttered; and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and gesture, with the minutest observation. I could not help whispering to myself the whole evening—'I am in company with an Author,' and waited with the most anxious impatience to hear him deliver something that might distinguish him from the rest of mankind. The gentleman behaved with great cheerfulness and politeness: but he did not at all answer the idea which I had conceived of an Author; and I went away exceedingly disappointed, because I could not find any striking difference between him and the rest of my acquaintance.

There is no character in human life, which is the subject of more frequent speculation among the vulgar, than an Author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him to be something different from all other people; and it is remarkable with what greediness they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and conversation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By some he is supposed never to stir out of a garret, to wear a rusty black coat, dirty shirt, and darned stockings, and to want all the necessaries, as well as conveniences of life: while others regard him as a creature superior to the rest of mortals, and endued with something more than reason. One part, therefore, is surprised to see him walk abroad, and appear as well dressed as other people; and another is disappointed, when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of

life, no better than any other common man.

Nor is it less curious to consider the different ideas they conceive of the manner in which the business of writing is executed. The novice in literature, 'imit with the love of sacred song,' but not yet dipt in ink, supposes it all rapture and enthusiasm, and in imagination sees the Author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables: while the mechanic considers him as working at his trade, and thinks he can sit down to write whenever he pleases, as readily as the smith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the Author with some veneration as a scholar: but writing appears to him a mighty easy business, and he smiles whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it; nor has he the least conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harassed with pursuing a long train of ideas.

As people are frequently led to judge of a man from his ordinary conversation, so it is common for them to form an idea of the Author's disposition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be spread over the face of a mathematician; a controversial writer must be given to wrangling and dispute; and they imagine, that a satirist must be made up of spleen, envy, and ill-nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate: I know an author of a tragedy who is the merriest man living; and one who has written a very witty comedy, though he will sit an hour in company without speaking a word. Lord Buckhurst is celebrated for being 'the best of good man with the worst-natured of mufe;' and Addison was remarkably shy and reserved in conversation. I remember I once fell into company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a physician, who were no less famous for their wit and humour, than for their excellence

lence in their several professions. After some minutes of general conversation, the physician and the poet fell into a dispute concerning predestination; the divine smoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myself formed a privy-council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it possible to conjure up the spirits of the most eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. Virgil and Addison would probably sit staring at each other without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in the commendation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himself with sucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine spilt upon the table, or twirling the cork-screw round his finger.

The strange prejudices which some persons conceive against Authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the service of literature; or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the press, he steals to the printer's with as much caution and privacy, as he would perhaps, on another occasion, to a surgeon. He is afraid that he shall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will despise him as a low wretch, as soon as they discover him to be an Author: as if merely the appearing in print was a disgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* to his works was no more than a stamp of shame and ignominy. These are the terrors which at first disturb the peace of almost every Author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, who cried out—'O that mine enemy had written a book!'

These fearful apprehensions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all Authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or suppress out of deference to the world: but, if this false modesty is too much cherished, it must of course damp all genius, and discourage every literary undertaking. Why should it be disgraceful to exert the noblest faculties given us by nature? and why should any man blush at acquitting himself well in a work, which there is scarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even supposing an Author to support himself by the profit arising by his works, there is no-

thing more dishonest, scandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politest of all professions) living on his commission. Sense and genius are as proper commodities to traffic in as courage; and an Author is no more to be condemned as an hackney scribbler, though he writes at the rate of so much *per sheet*, than a Colonel should be despised as a mercenary and a bravo, for exposing himself to be flashed, stuck, and shot at for so much *per day*. The truth is, that Authors themselves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a disgrace on the service of literature, by being ashamed to wear the badge of it. Voltaire, in his Letters on the English, relates a remarkable instance of this kind of false pride in our own Congreve. Voltaire, when he was in England, waited on Congreve, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his respects to a writer so much celebrated for his wit and humour. Congreve received him politely enough, but replied, that he should be glad to see him as a common gentleman, but would not be considered or converted with as an Author. The French writer was a good deal surprised at such a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that, if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he should never have had any desire of seeing him.

I have often pleased myself with reflecting on the different opinions which my readers must have formed of me, since my first appearance as an Author. As poverty is one of the general characteristics of our brotherhood, those, who indulge themselves in a contempt of writers, have, I doubt not, often painted me to their imagination in a very grotesque taste. Their ideal caricatures have perhaps often represented me lodged at least three stories from the ground, composing dissertations on the modern taste in architecture; at another time I may have been delineated sitting in a tattered night-gown and the breeches of an heathen philosopher, writing satires on the present modes of dress: and sometimes perhaps they have figured me half-starved for want of an hearty meal, penning investives against luxury and debauchery.

But while these have reduced me to this low condition, and 'steeped me in poverty to the very lips,' I flatter myself,

self, that some few have bestowed on me an extraordinary share of virtue and understanding. After so many grave lessons against the vices and luxury of the present age, they will naturally suppose that I never risked a farthing at the gaming-table, never kept a mistress, would decline an invitation to a turtle-feast, and, rather than be provoked to fight a duel, would take a kick on the breech, or tweak by the nose, with all the calmness and resignation imaginable. As to my wit and humour, I should blush to let down the many compliments I have had from several unknown correspondents on that head: and I once received a note from a very honest gentleman, who desired to spend an evening

with me, promising himself great diversion in cracking a bottle with the facetious Mr. Town.

These various opinions of me as an Author I shall never labour to reconcile: but shall be equally contented with instructing and amusing the gentle reader, whether he considers my papers as favours showered down upon him from a bookseller's garret, or issuing from my own apartment. However this may be, I shall never think it a disgrace to have written, or be ashamed to be considered as an Author; and if ever Mr. Voltaire should think proper to visit England again, I shall be very glad of a literary chat with him, and will give him a most gracious reception. T.

N° CXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1756.

—COCKLEBS QUID AGAM?—

HOB.

WITH AN OLD BACHELOR HOW THINGS MISCARRY!
WHAT SHALL I DO? GO HANG MYSELF? OR MARRY?

TO MR. TOWN.

MR,

APRIL 5, 1756.

NO man is a sincerer friend to innocent pleasantry, or more desirous of promoting it, than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in conversation; and I am never displeased, if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it: but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper, that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends, than the spleen or malice of my enemies could possibly inflict upon me; nor do I see any reason why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies, as to be teased and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason, but that I am what the world calls an Old Bachelor.

The female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion, that a Bachelor is not in fact a rational creature; at least, that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a Bachelor may be beaten like a stock-fish; that you may thrust pins into

his legs, and wring him by the nose; in short, that you cannot take too many liberties with a Bachelor. I am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though at the same time I am a melancholy proof of its existence, as well as of its absurdity.

A friend of mine, whom I frequently visit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighbourhood; so that, if they happen at any time to be apprized of my coming, (which I take all possible care to prevent) they immediately dispatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favour of their company to drink coffee, and *help tease* Mr. Ironside. Upon these occasions, my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a cord, fastened across the bottom of the door-case; which, as I am a little near-sighted, I seldom discover, till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my black rollers, or chafing my broken shins, my wig is

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suddenly

suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking-glass, or tossed from one to the other to dextrously and with such velocity, that, after many a fruitless attempt to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bare-headed, to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressful circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me, and promised to restore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I instantly applied it to my lips, and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choked and blinded with a cloud of soot, that issued from every hole in the instrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig; but the father, who has a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on it's being delivered up; and protested that he never knew the *Black Joke* better performed in his life.

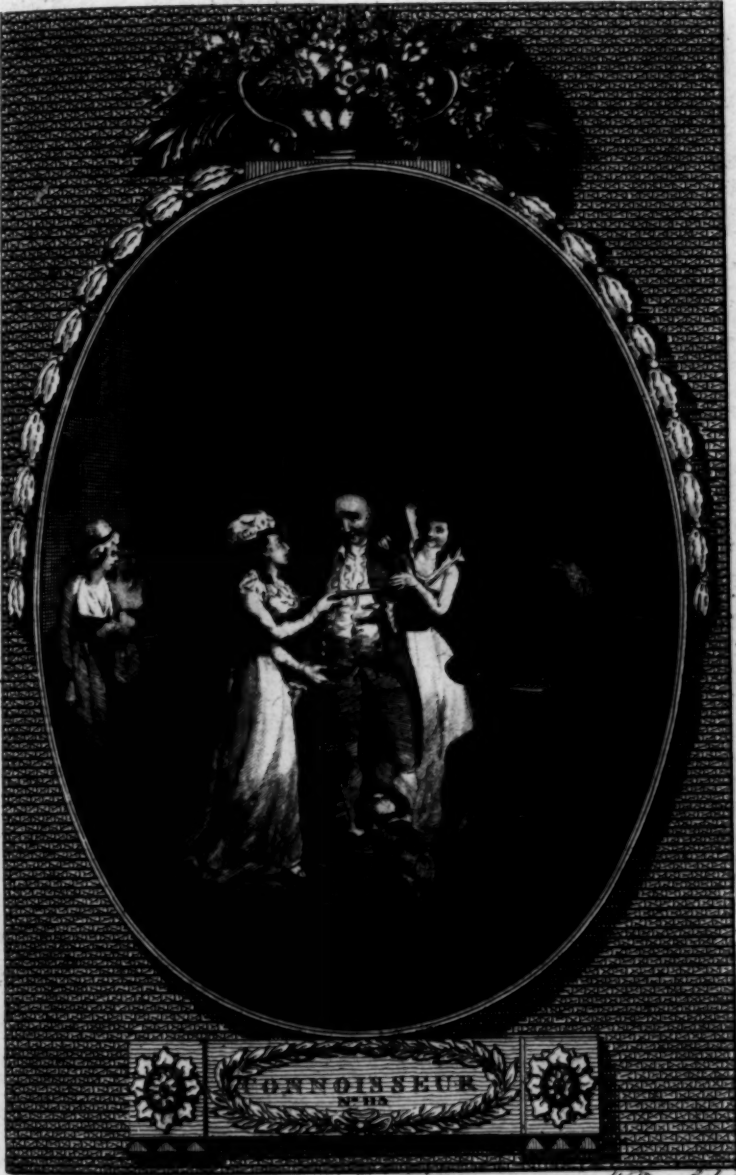
I am naturally a quiet inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled; yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harass and torment me: and it is not many nights since Miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world, by pinning the skirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own my resentment of this injury was so strong, that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted. The satisfaction, however, which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much like what a man of honour feels on finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who had offended him. My upper lip was transfixed with a large corkin pin which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth; and I doubt not, that I shall carry the *memorem labris notam* (the mark of this Judas-kiss) from an old maid to the grave with me.

These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily: but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a

right to entertain himself at his friend's expence, I live in hourly apprehensions of more mortifying adventures. No miserable dunghill cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a Shrove Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach of a merry Christmas or the First of April. No longer ago than last Thursday, which was the latter of the festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyster-barrels stuffed with brick-bats, and ten packets by the post containing nothing but old newspapers. But what vexed me the most, was the being sent fifty miles out of town on that day, by a counterfeited express from a dying relation.

I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom in the tragedy of Lear, and those which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horse-hair was strewed upon my sheets. Like him, I was made to ride on an hard-trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found, at the end of my journey, that I had only been courting my own shadow.

As much a sufferer as I am by the behaviour of the women in general, I must not forget to remark, that the perverseness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking, that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one: if I am to be derided for having never married, who never attempted to make a conquest; they are properly the the objects of derision who are still unmarried, after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected, according to their own account: and they are eternally boasting of the havock they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and squires, at Bath, Tunbridge, and Epfom; while a tattered madrigal perhaps, a snip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry-cheeked gentleman in a milk-white periwig, are the only remaining



Corbould del.

Walker sculp.

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maining proofs of those beauties, which are now withered like the short-lived rose, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

Believe me, Mr. Town, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle: the ladies, whom I last mentioned, will be so exasperated on reading it, that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future; since they are generally as little inclined to forgiveness, in their old age, as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually screen me from their resentment.

I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fussy an animal as they think me, it is not impossible but by a little gentler treatment than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into an husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them, that I am rendered so exceeding tractable by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mould and fashion me to their minds with ease; and consequently, that by marrying me,

a woman will save herself all that trouble, which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience: that, so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied if she contents herself with contradicting me: that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served, if she boxes my ears, spits in my face, or treads upon my corns: that if I approach her lips when she is not in a kissing humour, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose; or, if I take her by the hand in an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch, and claw, and apply her fingers to those purposes which they were certainly intended by nature to fulfil. Add to these accomplishments, so requisite to make the married state happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, fasten a button, or mend an hole in my stocking without any assistance.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER IRONSIDE.

N° CXVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

DESPICERE UNDE QUAS ALIOS, PASSIMQUE VIDERE
ERRARE, ATQUE VIAM PALANTES QUERERE VITÆ.

LUCRET.

HERE EACH PROFESSION, AND ITS TRIBE WE VIEW,
SOME TOILING IN THE OLD, AND SOME INVENTING NEW,

THOSE parents who are unable to give their sons an estate, regard the educating them to one of the three great professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity, as putting them in the high road to acquire one. Hence it happens, that nineteen parts out of twenty of our young men are brought up with a view to Lambeth, the Seals, or Warwick Lane. But, alas! their hopes and expectations of rising by their professions are often frustrated; and the surprising numbers engaged in running the same race, necessarily jostle one another. For though the courts of justice are tolerably supplied with matters of litigation; though there are many invalids and valetudinarians; and though great part of England is laid out in church prefer-

ments; yet there is not in all the kingdom sufficient matter for legal contention, to employ a tenth part of those who have been trained to engross deeds in their chambers, or to harangue at the bar: the number of patients bears no proportion to the swarms of the Faculty; nor would it, though a consultation were to sit on every sick man, like carrion-flies upon a carcase; and the prodigious number of Reverend Divines infinitely exceeds that of those bishopricks, deaneries, prebends, rectories, vicarages, &c. which when they are ordained, they conceive it to be part of their holy office to fill. From these frequent failures in each of the professions, the younger sons of great men often wish that they had been permitted to disgrace

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the family by some mercantile or more plebeian occupation; while the son of the mechanic curses the pride of his father, who, instead of securing him a livelihood in his own business, has condemned him to starve in pudding-sleeves, that he may do honour to his relations by being a gentleman.

The Three Professions being thus crowded with more candidates for business and preferment than can possibly be employed or promoted, has occasioned several irregularities in the conduct of the followers of each of them. The utter impossibility of supporting themselves in the usual method of practising Law, Physic, or Divinity, without clients, patients, or parishioners, has induced the labourers in each of those vocations to seek out new veins and branches. The young Solicitor, who finds he has nothing to do, now he is out of his clerkship, offers his assistance, in the transaction of all law affairs, by the public papers; and, like the advertising tailors, promises to work cheaper than any of his brethren; while the young Barrister, after having exhibited his tye-wig in Westminster Hall, during several terms, to no purpose, is obliged to forego the hope of rivalling Murray and Coke, and content himself with being the oracle of the courts of Carolina or Jamaica. The Graduate in Medicine, finding himself unsolicited for prescription or advice, and likely to starve by practising physic *secundum artem*, flies in the face of the College, and professes to cure all diseases by *nostrums* unmentioned in the dispensatory. He commences a thriving quack, and soon makes his way through the important medical degrees of walking on foot, riding on horse-back, dispensing his drugs from an one-horse chaise, and lastly lolling in a chariot. The Divine, without living, cure, or lectureship, may perhaps incur transportation for illegal marriages, set up a theatrical-ora-torical-Billingsgate chapel under the shelter of the toleration-act and the butchers of Clare Market, or kindle the *inward light* in the bosoms of the Saints of Moorfields, and the Magdalens of Broad St. Giles's.

But notwithstanding these shoots, ingrafted, as it were, into the main body of the Professions, it is still impossible for the vast multitude of Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians, to maintain themselves,

at any rate, within the pale of their respective employments. They have often been compelled, at least, to call in adventitious ones, and have sometimes totally abandoned their original undertakings. They have frequently made mutual transitions into the occupations of each other, or have perhaps embraced other employments; which, though distinct from all three, and not usually dignified with the title of Professions, may fairly be considered in that light; since they are the sole means of support to many thousands, who toiled in vain for a subsistence in the three Capital Ones. On these Professions, and their various followers, I shall here make some observations.

The first of these professions is an author. The mart of literature is, indeed, one of the chief resorts of unbeneficed Divines, and Lawyers and Physicians without practice. There are at present in the world of Authors, Doctors of Physic, who (to use the phrase of one of them) have no great fatigue from the business of their profession: many Clergymen, whose sermons are the most inconsiderable part of their compositions; and several gentlemen of the Inns of Court, who, instead of driving the quill over skins of parchment, lead it through all the mazes of modern novels, critiques, and pamphlets. Many likewise have embraced this profession, who were never bred to any other: and I might also mention the many bankrupt tradesmen and broken artificers, who daily enter into this new way of business, if, by pursuing it in the same mechanical manner as their former occupations, they might not rather be regarded as following a trade than a profession.

The second of these professions is a Player. The ingenious gentlemen who assume the persons of the Drama, are composed of as great a variety of characters as those they represent. The history of the stage might afford many instances of those, who *in the trade of death might have slain men*, have yet condescended to deal counterfeit slaughters from their right hands, and administer harmless phials and bowls of poison. We might read also of persons, whose fists were intended to beat the 'drum ecclesiastic,' who have, with unexpected spirit, become theatrical volunteers. In regard to the Law, many,

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who were originally designed to manifest their talents for elocution in Westminster Hall, have displayed them in Drury Lane; and it may be added, on theatrical authority, that

Not 'en Attorneys have this rage with-
stood,
But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink
for blood,
And, strange reverse!—dy'd for their
country's good.

I will not so far affront those gentlemen, who were ever engaged in the study of the three honourable Professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity, as to suppose that any of them have ever taken up the more fashionable employment of a Pimp: yet it is certain, that this is a very common and lucrative Profession, and that very many provide themselves with the necessaries of life, by administering to the pleasures of others. A convenient cousin, sister, or wife, has sometimes proved the chief means of making a fortune; and the tongue of slander has often ventured to affirm, that the price of procuration has been paid with a place or a bishoprick.

The most advantageous and genteel of all Professions is Gaming. Whoever will make this science his study, will find it the readiest way to riches, and most certain passport to the best company: for the polite world will always admit any one to their society, who will condescend to win their money. The followers of this Profession are very numerous: which, is, indeed, no wonder, when we reflect on the number it supports in ease and affluence, at no greater

pains than packing the cards or cogging the dice, and no more risk than being sometimes tweaked by the nose, or kicked out of company: besides which, this Profession daily receives new lustre from the many persons of quality that follow it, and crowd into it with as much eagerness as into the army. Among Gamesters may also be found Lawyers, who get more by being master of all the Cases in Hoyle, than by their knowledge of those recorded in the report-books; Physicians, the chief object of whose attention is the circulation of the E O table; and Divines, who, we may suppose, were hinted at by a famous wit in a certain assembly, when, among the other benefits resulting from a double tax upon dice, he thought fit to enumerate, that it might possibly prevent the Clergy from playing at back-gammon.

But the more danger the more honour: and therefore no Profession is more honourable than that of an highwayman. Who the followers of this Profession are, and with what success they practise it, I will not pretend to relate; as the memoirs of several of them have been already penned by the Ordinary of Newgate, and it is to be hoped that the lives of all the present practitioners will be written hereafter by that faithful historian. I shall, therefore, only say, that the present spirit of dissoluteness and free-thinking must unavoidably bring this honourable Profession more and more into vogue, and that every Session may soon be expected to afford an instance of a *Gentleman Highwayman*. W.

N° CXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

ERGO HAUD DIFFICILE EST PERITURAM ARCESSERE SUMMAM
LANCIUS OPPOSITIS, VEL MATRIS IMAGINE FRACTA.

Juv.

HERE TO THE SPENDTHRIFT READY CASH IS LENT,
ON PLATE, OR RINGS, OR WATCHES, CENT. PER CENT.
HERE FROM IT'S FRAME TH' ENAMELL'D PORTRAIT DRAWN,
THE CIRCLING BRILLIANTS ARE RECEIV'D IN PAWN.

I Have often amused myself with considering the mean and ridiculous shifts to which the extravagant are sometimes reduced. When the certain supplies of a regular income are exhausted, they are obliged to cast about for ready cash, and set the invention to work, in

order to devise means of repairing their finances. Such attempts to enlarge their revenue have frequently driven those, whose great souls would not be curbed by the straitness of their circumstances, into very uncommon undertakings: they have sent lords to Arthur's, and ladies

to assemblies, or sometimes worse places. We may safely conclude, that whoever breaks through all œconomy, will soon discard honesty: tho' perhaps it might be deemed *Scandalum Magnatum* to aver, that prodigal men of quality have often sold their country to redeem their estates, and that extravagant ladies have been known to make up the deficiencies of their pin-money by pilfering and larcency.

One of the first and chief resources of extravagance, both in high and low life, is the Pawnbroker's. I never pass by one of these shops, without considering them as the repositories of half the jewels, plate, &c. in town. It is true, indeed, that the honest and industrious are sometimes forced to supply their necessities by this method: but if we were to inquire, to whom the several articles in these miscellaneous warehouses belong, we should find the greatest part of them to be the property of the idle and infamous among the vulgar, or the prodigal and luxurious among the great: and if, in imitation of the ancients, who placed the Temple of Honour behind the Temple of Virtue, propriety should be attempted in the situation of Pawnbrokers shops, they would be placed contiguous to a gin-shop, as in the ingenious print of Hogarth; or behind a tavern, gaming-house, or bagnio.

Going home late last Saturday night, I was witness to a curious dialogue at the door of one of the houses. An honest journeyman carpenter, whose wife, it seems, had pawned his best cloaths, having just received his week's pay, was come to redeem them; but, it being past twelve o'clock, the man of the house, who kept up the conversation by means of a little grate in the door, refused to deliver them; though the poor carpenter begged hard for his holiday cloaths, as the morrow was Easter Sunday. This accident led me to reflect on the various persons in town who carry on this kind of commerce with the Pawnbrokers, and gave occasion to the following Dream.

I was scarce asleep, before I found myself at the entrance of a blind alley, terminated by a little hatch; where I saw a vast concourse of people, of different ages, sex, and condition, going in and coming out. Some of these I observed, as they went up, very richly dressed; and others were adorned with

jewels and costly trinkets: but I could not help remarking, that at their return they were all divested of their finery; and several had even their gowns and coats stript of their backs. A lady, who strutted up in a rich brocaded suit, sneaked back again in an ordinary stuff night-gown: a second retreated with the loss of a diamond solitaire and pearl necklace; and a third, who had bundled up her whole stock of linen, scarce escaped with what she had upon her back. I observed several gentlemen, who brought their sideboards of plate, to be melted down, as it were, into current specie: many had their pockets disburthened of their watches; and some, even among the military gentlemen, were obliged to deliver up their swords. Others of the company marched up, heavy laden with pictures, household goods, and domestic utensils: one carried a spit; another brandished a gridiron; a third flourished a frying-pan; while a fourth brought to my remembrance the old sign of the Dog's Head in the Porridge-pot. I saw several trot up merrily with their chairs, tables, and other furniture: but I could not help pitying one poor creature among the rest, who after having stript his whole house, even to his feather-bed, stalked along like a Lock-patient, wrapped up in the blankets, while his wife accompanied him doing penance in the sheets.

As I was naturally curious to see the inside of the receptacle where all these various spoils were deposited, I stepped up to the hatch; and meeting a grave old gentleman at the threshold, I desired him to inform me what place it was, and what business was transacted there. He very courteously took me by the hand, and leading me through a dark passage, brought me into a spacious hall, which he told me was the Temple of Usury, and that he himself was the chief priest of it. One part of this building was hung round with all kinds of apparel, like the sale-shops in Monmouth Street; another was strewed with a variety of goods, and resembled the brokers shops in Harp Alley; and another part was furnished with such an immense quantity of jewels and rich plate, that I should rather have fancied myself in the Church of the Lady of Loretto. All these, my guide informed me, were the offerings of that crowd, which I had seen resorting to this Tem-

pe. The Churches in Roman Catholic countries have commonly a cross fixed upon them; the Chinese erect dragons and hang bells about their Pagods; and the Turkish Mosques are distinguished by crescents; but I could not help taking particular notice, that this Temple of Usury had its vestibule adorned with three wooden balls painted blue; the mystery of which I was told, was as dark and unfathomable as the Pythagorean number, or the secret doctrines of Trismegist.

When I had in some measure satisfied my curiosity, in taking a general survey of the Temple, my instructor led me to an interior corner of it, where the most splendid offerings were spread upon a large altar. 'This bauble,' said he, shewing me an elegant sprig of diamonds, 'is an aigret, sent in last week by a lady of quality, who has ever since kept home, with her head muffled up in a double clout, for a pretended fit of the tooth-ache. She has, at different times, made an offering of all her jewels: and, besides these, her whole wardrobe was very lately lodged here, which threw her into an hysterical fever, and confined her to her bed-gown for upwards of a month. Those ear-rings and other jewels, are the *paraphernalia* of a young bride; who was so constant a votary to this place, that, when nothing else remained for an offering, she even brought in her wedding-ring. You may be surprised, perhaps, to behold such a variety of necklaces, girdle-buckles, solitaires, and other female ornaments, as are here collected: but it is observable, that their devotions in the Temple of Usury have been chiefly encouraged and kept alive by their assisting at the midnight orgies of Avarice.

'Nor are the gentlemen,' continued he, 'less encouragers of our rites. That gold watch laid snug, for a considerable time, in the fob of a young man of quality; but it was one night jerked out by a single throw of the dice at a gaming-table, and made its way into the pocket of a stranger, who placed it here to keep company with several others brought here on a similar occasion. Those brilliant buckles once glittered on the shoes of a very pretty fellow, who set out last winter on his travels into foreign parts, but

never got further than Boulogne: and that sword, with the rich filigree hilt and elegantly fancied sword-knot with gold tassels, once dangled at the side of a spirited Buck; who left it here two years ago, when he went off in a great hurry, to take possession of a large estate in his native country, Ireland, whence he is not yet returned. You may see many others of these instruments of death, which rust peacefully in their scabbards, as being of no use whatever to their owners: that which commonly hangs upon the vacant peg there, belongs, you must know, to a noble captain: it is called upon duty once a month, and is at this instant mounting guard at St. James's.'

Not far from these rich ornaments hung several embroidered coats, laced waistcoats, *Point d'Espagne* hats, &c. 'This suit,' said my venerable instructor, pointing to one richly embroidered, 'was made up for a noble lord on the last Birth-day, and conveyed hither the very next morning after he had appeared at court. That jemmy waistcoat with the gold worked button-holes, on the next peg, was the property of a smart Templar, who, having spent a night out of his chambers, sent his waistcoat hither in the morning, as a penitential offering, by his landlady. As to that heap of camblet gowns, checked aprons, and coloured handkerchiefs, which you see strung together a little further off, they are oblations made here by a sect of maudlin votaries, who resort to this Temple to pay their devotions to a Goddess, whom they have christened Madam Gin, but whom they sometimes honour with the more proper appellation of Strip Me Naked.'

While my conductor was thus relating the history of the various offerings, and the persons who had made them, he was suddenly called aside to a dark closet; several of which were erected near the entrance, and appeared not unlike the confessionals of the Romish priests. These little boxes, I found, were appointed to receive the votaries who came to pay their devotions, and make their offerings: but the necessary rites and ceremonies were commonly solemnized with as much caution and privacy, as the mysteries of the *Bona Deus* among the Romans. At present, however,

ever, there was a greater noise and hubbub than usual. A person of the first rank in the kingdom, who had made some very considerable oblations of gold and silver plate, was now about to celebrate a feast in honour of Bacchus, in which, as these rich utensils would be requisite, he prayed to have the use of them. The chief priest, after having received the customary fee, granted a dispensation for this purpose, and loaded the messengers with a number of wrought ewers, vases, and chargers; at the same time commissioning two or three of the inferior officials of the Temple to attend the celebration of the feast, and to take care that the plate was duly returned, and safely lodged again in the Temple.

These matters were scarce adjusted before an unexpected incident filled the whole Temple with confusion and disturbance. A rude tribe of officers broke in upon us, put a stop to the rites, and seized the chief priest himself, charging him with having profaned the place by a crime almost as infamous as sacrilege. He was accused of having encouraged robbers to strip the citizens of their most valuable effects, and for a small reward to deposit them as offerings. The clamour on this occasion was very great; and at last one of the officers, methought, seized me, as a party concerned; when endeavouring to clear myself, and struggling to get out of his clutches, I awoke.

W.

N^o CXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

NEC STULTITIA PARIT CIVITATES, HAC CONSTANT IMPERIA MAGISTRATUS, RELIGIO, CONSILIA, JUDICIA; NEC ALIUD OMNINO EST VITA HUMANA, QUAM STULTITIE LUSUS QUIDAM. ERASM.

NONSENSE O'ER EMPIRES, AND O'ER STATES PRESIDES,
OUR JUDGMENT, COUNSELS, LAWS, RELIGION, GUIDES;
ALL ARTS AND SCIENCES DESPOTIC RULES,
AND LIFE ITSELF'S A DRAMA, PLAY'D BY FOOLS.

THERE is no race of people that has been more conspicuous, in almost every relation of life, than the illustrious family of Nonsense. In every age of the world they have shone forth with uncommon lustre, and have made a wonderful progress in all the Arts and Sciences. They have at different seasons delivered speeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philosophical inquiries and metaphysical disquisitions. In a word, the whole history of the world, moral and political, is but a Cyclopædia of Nonsense. For which reason, considering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite service it has been of to me and many of my coteremporaries, I have resolved to oblige the public with a kind of abstract of the history of Nonsense.

Nonsense was the daughter of Ignorance, begot on Falschood, many ages ago, in a dark cavern in Boetia. As she grew up, she inherited all the qualities of her parents: she discovered too warm a genius to require being sent to school; but while other dull brats were

poring over an horn-book, she amused herself with spreading fantastical lyes, taught her by her mamma, and which have in later ages been familiarly known to us under the names of Sham, Banter, and Humbug. When she grew up, she received the addresses, and soon became the wife, of Impudence. Who he was, or of what profession, is uncertain: some say he was the son of Ignorance by another *venter*, and was suffered to become the husband of Nonsense in those dark ages of the world, as the Ptolemies of Egypt married their own sisters. Some record, that he was in the army; others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others, a divine. However this was, Nonsense and Impudence were soon inseparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more numerous family than any yet preserved on any tree of descent whatsoever; of which ingenious device they were said to have been the first inventors.

It is my chief intent at present to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themselves

remarkable

remarkable in England; though they began to signalize themselves very early, and are still very flourishing in most parts of the world. Many of them were Egyptian Priests four thousand years ago, and told the people that it was religion to worship dogs, monkeys, and green leeks: and their descendants prevailed on the Greeks and Romans to build temples in honour of supposed deities, who were, in their own estimation of them, whores and whoremongers, pickpockets and drunkards. Others rose up some ages after in Turkey, and persuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodshed and of the sword, *in the name of the most merciful God*: and others have manifested their lineal descent from Nonsense and Impudence, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were also among them many shrewd philosophers; some of whom, though they were racked with a fit of the stone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the least degree of pain; and others would not trust their own eyes, but when they saw an horse or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own existence.

We have no certain account of the progress of Nonsense here in England, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloisters and convents, dreaming over old legends of saints, drawing up breviaries and mass-books, and stringing together some barbarous Latin verses in rhyme. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, so little encouragement was given to her family, that it seemed to have been almost extinct: but in the succeeding reign it flourished again, and filled the most considerable offices in the nation. Nonsense became a great favourite at court, where she was highly caressed on account of her wit, which consisted in puns and quibbles; and the bonny monarch himself was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her conversation. At this time many of her progeny took orders, and got themselves preferred to the best livings, by turning the Evangelists into punsters, and making St. Paul quibble from the pulpit. Among the rest, there was a bishop, a favourite son of Nonsense, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he used to tickle his

courtly audience, by telling them that *matrimony* was become a *matter of money*, with many other right reverend jests recorded in Joe Miller. Several brothers of this family were likewise bred to the bar, and very gravely harangued against old women sucked by devils in the shape of ram-cats, &c. As an instance of the profound wisdom and sagacity of the legislature in those days, I need only mention that just and truly pious act of parliament made against the crying sin of witchcraft. 1 Jac. I. chap. 12. 'Such as shall use invocation or conjuration of any evil spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee or reward any evil spirit to any intent, or take up any dead person or part thereof, to be used in witchcraft, or have used any of the said arts, whereby any person shall be killed, consumed, or lamed in his or her body, they, together with their accessories before the fact, shall suffer as felons, without benefit of clergy.'

In the troublesome times of King Charles the First, Nonsense and her family sided with the Parliament. These set up new sects in religion: some of them cropt their hair short, and called themselves the *Enlightened*; some fell into trances, and pretended to see holy visions: while others got into rubs, and held forth with many whinnings, and groans, and snuffing through the nose. In the merry days of King Charles the Second, Nonsense assumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as well as lascivious love-songs, and other loose verses, which were collected together, and greedily bought up in miscellanies. In the succeeding reign, some of the kindred, who had received their education at St. Omar's, thought themselves on the point of establishing Nonsense in church and state, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occasion in Smithfield, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the Revolution, the field of Politics has afforded large scope for Nonsense and her family to make themselves remarkable. Hence arose the various sects in party, distinguished by the name: of Whig and Tory, Ministerial and Jacobite, Sunderlanders, Oxfordians, Godolphinians, Bolingbrookians, Walpolians, Pelhamians, &c. &c. &c. names

which have kindled as hot a war in pamphlets and journals, as the Guelphs and Gibilines in Italy, or the Big and Little Endians in the kingdom of Lilliput.

I have here endeavoured to give a short abridgement of the history of Nonsense; though a very small part of the exploits of the family can be included in so compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep scholars, and filled the Professors Chairs at the Universities. They composed many elaborate dissertations to convince the world that two and two make four: and discovered, by dint of syllogism, that white is not black. Their inquiries in Natural Philosophy were no less extraordinary: many spent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to discover a wonderful Stone, that should turn every baser metal into gold; and others employed themselves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they should fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the *Belles Lettres*, and were the original founders of the learned society of Grub Street.

Never was any æra in the annals of Nonsense more illustrious than the present; nor did that noble family ever more signally distinguish itself in every occupation. In Oratory, who are greater proficient than the progeny of Nonsense? Witness many long and eloquent speeches delivered in St. Stephen's Cha-

pel, in Westminster Hall, at Assizes and Quarter-Sessions, at Clare Market, and the Robin Hood. In Philosophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by Nonsense? The sometime Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College shewed Sir Isaac Newton to be a mere ass, and wire-drewed the book of Moses into a complete system of Natural Philosophy: Life-guard men have, with the utmost certainty of Nonsense, foretold Earthquakes; and others have penned curious Essays on Air quakes, Water-quakes, and Comets. In Politics, how successfully have the sons of Nonsense banded about the terms of Court and Country? How wisely have they debated upon taxes? And with what amazing penetration did they but lately foresee an Invasion? In Religion, their domain is particularly extensive: for, though Nonsense is excluded, at least from the first part of the service, in all regular churches, yet she often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and Foundry in Moorfields, and the Chapel in Long Acre. But, for the credit of so polite an age, be it known, that the children of Nonsense, who are many of them people of fashion, are as often seen at the Playhouse as at Church: and it is something strange, that the family of Nonsense is now divided against itself, and in high contest about the management of their favourite amusement—the Opera.

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Nº CXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

PLENUS RIMARUM SUM, HUC ET ILLUC PERFLUO. TER.

LEAKY AT BOTTOM; IF THOSE CHINKS YOU STOP,
IN VAIN—THE SECRET WILL RUN O'ER AT TOP.

THERE is no mark of our confidence taken more kindly by a friend than the entrusting him with a Secret; nor any which he is so likely to abuse. Confidants in general are like crazy firelocks, which are no sooner charged and cocked, than the spring gives way, and the report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the confidence of one friend, they are impatient to manifest their importance to another; till, between them and their friend, and their friend's friend, the

whole matter is presently known to 'all our friends round the Wrekin.' The secret catches, as it were, by contact, and like electrical matter, breaks forth from every link in the chain, almost at the same instant. Thus the whole Exchange may be thrown into a buzz tomorrow, by what was whispered in the middle of Marlborough Downs this morning; and, in a week's time, the streets may ring with the intrigue of a woman of fashion, bellowed out from the foul mouths of the hawkers, though

at

at present it is known to no creature living but her gallant and her waiting-maid.

As the talent of Secrecy is of so great importance to society, and the necessary commerce between individuals cannot be securely carried on without it, that this deplorable weakness should be so general is much to be lamented. You may as well pour water into a funnel or a sieve, and expect it to be retained there, as commit any of your concerns to so slippery a companion. It is remarkable, that in those men who have thus lost the faculty of retention, the desire of being communicative is always most prevalent where it is least to be justified. If they are entrusted with a matter of no great moment, affairs of more consequence will perhaps in a few hours shuffle it entirely out of their thoughts: but if any thing be delivered to them with an air of earnestness, a low voice, and the gesture of a man in terror for the consequence of it's being known; if the door is bolted, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprize; however they may promise secrecy, and however they may intend it, the weight upon their minds will be so extremely oppressive, that it will certainly put their tongues in motion.

This breach of trust, so universal amongst us, is perhaps in a great measure owing to our education. The first lesson our little masters and misses are taught, is to become blabs and tell-tales: they are bribed to divulge the petty intrigues of the family below stairs to papa and mamma in the parlour, and a dolly or an hobby-horse is generally the encouragement of a propensity which could scarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As soon as children can lisp out the little intelligence they have picked up in the hall or the kitchen, they are admired for their wit: if the butler has been caught kissing the housekeeper in his pantry, or the footman detected in romping with the chambermaid, away flies little Tommy or Betsey with the news; the parents are lost in admiration of the pretty rogue's understanding, and reward such uncommon ingenuity with a kiss or a sugar plumb.

Nor does an inclination of Secrecy meet with less encouragement at school. The governautes at the boarding-school teach Miss to be a good girl, and tell them every thing she knows: thus, if

any young lady is unfortunately discovered eating a green apple in a corner, if she is heard to pronounce a naughty word, or is caught picking the letters out of another Miss's sampler, away runs the chit, who is so happy as to get the start of the rest, screams out her information as she goes; and the prudent matron chucks her under the chin, and tells her that she is a good girl, and every body will love her.

The management of our young gentlemen is equally absurd: in most of our schools, if a lad is discovered in a scrape, the impeachment of an accomplice, as at the Old Bailey, is made the condition of a pardon. I remember a boy, engaged in robbing an orchard, who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree, and conducted, under the strong guard of the farmer and his dairy-maid, to the master's house. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity; but finding it impossible to scourge the secret out of him, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his school fellows. I must own, I am not fond of thus drubbing our youth into treachery; and am much more pleased with the request of Ulysses, when he went to Troy, who begged of those who were to have the charge of Telemachus, that they would above all things teach him to be just, sincere, faithful, and to keep a Secret.

Every man's experience must have furnished him with instances of confidants who are not to be relied on, and friends who are not to be trusted; but few perhaps have thought it a character so well worth their attention, as to have marked out the different degrees into which it may be divided, and the different methods by which Secrets are communicated.

Ned Trusty is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine whether he is more to be admired for

his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing a Secret. He is also excellent at a 'doubtful phrase,' as Hamlet calls it, or an 'ambiguous giving out;' and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken innuendoes, as—

Well, I know—or, I could—an if I would—
Or, if I list to speak—or, there be, and if there might, &c.

Here he generally stops and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

Poor Meanwell, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a Secret, is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects that you come with a felonious intent to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home, he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself what he longs to publish to the world; and would gladly submit to the office of town-crier, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market place. At length, however, weary of his burthen, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the

custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

Careless is perhaps equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. To trust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depends: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or perhaps in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his taylor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat instead of a *pompadour*, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction; where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it, with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's: and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a Secret.

To these I might add the character of the open and unreserved, who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the impertinent, who having by dint of observation made himself master of your Secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But I shall leave these, with many other characters which my reader's own experience may suggest to him; and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil—That no man may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

N° CXX. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

JUDICIUM SUTILE VIDENDIS ARTIBUS—

HOR.

A SUTILE FANCY, AND A JUDGMENT CHASTE,
FROM THE NICE MIXTURE OF A GENUINE TASTE.

TASTE is at present the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, seems to be considered as the quintessence of almost all the arts and sciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dress with Taste; the architects, whether Gothic or Chi-

nese, build with Taste; the painters paint with Taste; the poets write with Taste; critics read with Taste; and, in short, fiddlers, players, singers, dancers, and mechanics themselves, are all the sons and daughters of Taste. Yet, in this amazing superabundance of Taste, few,

few can say what it really is, or what the word itself signifies. Should I attempt to define it in the stile of a Connoisseur, I must run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompously harangued on the excellencies of Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all *tasteful* compositions, such as those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Ariosto, I should leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always so useful as common sense, I shall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word Taste, by considering what it usually imports in familiar writings and ordinary conversation.

It is supposed by Locke, and other close reasoners, that words are intended as signs of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us that words are often used to express no ideas at all. Thus many persons, who talk perpetually of Taste, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word *accommodated*, wisely explains it by saying that '*Accommodated*, Sir, is—a—a—a—*accommodated*, Sir, is as if one should say—'*a—accommodated*:' and if, in like manner, you ask one of these people, What is Taste? they will tell you that 'Taste is a kind of a sort of a—a—a—; in short, 'Taste is Taste.' These talkers must be considered as absolute blanks in conversation, since it is impossible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they affix no determinate meaning to any expression.

Among men of sense, whose words carry meaning in their sound, Taste is commonly used in one of these two significations. First, when they give any person the appellation of a Man of Taste, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to those studies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of distinguishing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind submitted to his judgment. The meaning at other times implied by a Man of Taste is, that he is not only so far an adept in

those matters, as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is also possessed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. These two significations will perhaps be more easily conceived, and clearly illustrated, when applied to our Sensual Taste. The Man of Taste, according to the first, may be considered as a *Bon Vivant*, who is fond of the dishes before him, and distinguishes nicely what is savoury and delicious, or flat and insipid, in the ingredients of each: according to the second, he may be regarded as the Cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and distinguishing by a nice Taste when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compose such exquisite dishes.

Both these significations of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have somewhere seen, and is the only just description of the term that I ever remember to have met with: 'Taste consists in nice harmony between the Fancy and the Judgment.' The most chastified Judgment, without Genius, can never constitute a Man of Taste; and the most luxuriant Imagination, unregulated by Judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an Olio not to be relished by any palate; and the man who has no *gout* for delicacies himself, will never compose a good dish, though he should ever so strictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah Glasse, and Martha Bradley. I confine myself at present chiefly to that signification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the several branches of Taste, because *that* always includes the other.

Having thus settled what Taste is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern Taste by these rules: and perhaps it will appear that, on the one hand, it's most pleasing flights, and ravishing elegancies are extravagant and absurd; and that, on the other hand, those who affect a correct Taste in all their undertakings; proceed mechanically, without genius. The first species of Taste, which gives a loose to the imagination, indulges itself in caprice, and is perpetually striking new strokes, is the chief regulator of the fashion. In dress, it has put hunting poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and windmills

windmills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier maché*, and, by putting spotted Danish horses into the harness, has made our beaux look like Bacchus in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outside and inside of our houses, are all Gothic or Chinese; and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular cross-haired paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-house or a stable, sits up his house and garden entirely in Taste.

The second sort of Men of Taste are to be found chiefly among the *Literati*; and are those who, despising the modern whims to which fashion has given the name of Taste, pretend to follow, with the most scrupulous exactness, the chaste models of the ancients. These are the Poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and *tasteful* compositions; whose works are without blemish, and conformable to the precise rules of Quintilian, Horace, and Aristotle: and as they are intended merely for the perusal of persons of the most refined Taste, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common understandings. These too are the Critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarrass us with repeated allusions to the study of *Virtù*: and these too are the Connoisseurs in Architecture, who build ruins after Vitruvius, and necessities according to Palladio. One gentleman of this cast has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four spacious porticoes, open on

each side to court the four winds; because, in the sultry regions of Italy, this model has been thought most convenient: and another has, in great measure, shut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all prospect from his windows, by erecting an high wall before his house, which in Italy has been judged necessary, to screen them from the sun.

Architecture seems indeed to be the main article in which the efforts of Taste are now displayed. Among those who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might instance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be seen within ten miles of London. But as a proof of the noble and judicious Taste among us, I shall beg leave to describe, in the stile of a Connoisseur, a most amazing curiosity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midst of a noble and spacious area stands a grand Obelisk. The Base forms a perfect square with right angles; the Body of it is cylindrical; but the Capital is an Heptagon, and has several curious lines and figures described on each of it's seven planes or superficies, which serve to terminate as many most magnificent and striking Vistas. This superb Column, no less remarkable than the famous Pillar of Trajan, seems (from the several Gnomons and other Hieroglyphics stuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the Sun; but is now known among the vulgar by the more common name of The Seven Dials,

N° CXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

—PLACET IMPARES

FORMAS ATQUE ANIMOS SUB JUGA ARENEA
SÆVO MITTERE CUM JOCO.

HOR.

OFFICIOUS COUPLERS WANTONLY ENGAGE
VIRTUE WITH VICE, BRISK YOUTH WITH FROZEN AGE:
BEHOLD THEM GROAN BENEATH THE IRON YOKE,
HAIL THE DEAR MISCHIEF, AND ENJOY THE JOKE.

THOUGH I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they

call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender,

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a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each of whom was severally recommended by them as the properest person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious that most people take a pleasure in making matches; either thinking matrimony a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintance; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honourable go-between. Some have come together, merely from having been talked of by their acquaintance as likely to make a match: and I have known a couple, who have met by accident at an horle-race, or danced together at an assembly, that in less than a fortnight have been driven into matrimony in their own defence, by having been first paired in private conversations, and afterwards in the common news-papers.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands or wives, one would imagine that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know a good-natured lady who has officiously brought upon herself the ill-will and the curses of many of her dearest and most intimate friends on this very account. She has a sister, for whom she provided a most excellent husband, who has shewn his affection for her by spending her whole fortune upon his mistresses: another near relation having, by her means, snapped up a rich widow, the bridegroom was arrested for her debts within a week after marriage: and it cost her a whole twelvemonth to bring two doating lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condescend to be Match-makers from a spirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others who have taken up the profession from less disinterested motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffick in all

the accomplishments that can make the marriage state happy. These traders dispose of all sorts of rich heirs and heiresses, baronets, lords, ladies of fashion, and daughters of country squires, with as much coolness as drovers sell bullocks. They keep compleat registers of the condition and qualifications of all the marriageable persons within the kingdom; and it is as common to apply to them for an husband or wife, as to the register offices for a man or maid servant. They may, indeed, be considered as fathers and guardians to the greatest part of your youth of both sexes, since in marriage they may be most properly said to give them away.

It is something comical to consider the various persons to whom men of this profession are useful. We may naturally suppose that a young fellow, who has no estate but what, like Tinsel's in the Drummer, is merely *personal*, would be glad to come down handsomely after consummation with a woman of fortune; and a smart girl, who has more charms than wealth, would give round poundage on being taken for better for worse by a rich heir. Many a tradesman also wants a wife to manage his family, while he looks after the shop; and thinks it better to recommend himself by this convenient friend, than by means of the Daily Advertiser. There are also several young people, who are indifferent as to any person in particular, and have no passion for the state itself, yet want to be married, because it will deliver them from the restraint of parents. But the most unnatural, though very common, applications of this sort, are from the rich and the noble; who, having immense estates to bestow on their children, will make use of the meanest instruments to couple them to others of the same overgrown fortune.

I have known many droll accidents happen from the mistakes of these mercenary Match-makers; and remember one in particular, which I shall here set down for the entertainment of my readers. A careful old gentleman came up from the North on purpose to marry his son, and was recommended by one of these Couplers to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mamma. He told her, that

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he had not the pleasure of being known to her; but as his son's quiet depended on it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her; in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. 'Say nothing of that, Madam, say nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us.'—'Pray, Sir, how much does the world say?' replied the lady. 'Why, Madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.'—'*Not so much, Sir,*' said the old lady, very gravely. 'Well, Madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds.'—'*Not so much, Sir.*'—'Well, well, perhaps not; but—if it was only seventeen thousand.'—'No, Sir.'—'or six-

'teen.'—'No.'—'Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand.'—'*And? Not so much, Sir.*' Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead—'Well, Madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand?—'And? How much more is it than twelve thousand?'—'Less, Sir.'—'Less, Madam?'—'Less.'—'But is it more than ten thousand?'—'*Not so much, Sir.*'—'Not so much, Madam?'—'*Not so much.*'—'Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, Madam, interest is low, very low: but as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?'—'*Not so much, Sir.*'—'Why then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pounds.'—'NOTHING LIKE IT, SIR.' At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool; and the fellow who recommended me to you is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business.'

Nº CXXII. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

MONSTRUM NULLA VIRTUTE REDEMPTUM
A VITIIS.

JUV.

WITHOUT ONE SNEAKING VIRTUE IN THY TRAIN,
O PRECIOUS VILLAIN! SCOUNDREL! ROGUE IN GRAIN!

I Mentioned in a former paper, that a friend of mine was writing A New Treatise on Ethics, or, A System of Immoral Philosophy, compiled from the principles and practice of the present age; in which the extraordinary modesty of the moderns would be enlarged on, which has induced them to comprehend all the vices, instead of virtues, in their idea of a Fine Gentleman. The work is now finished; and the author has sent me the following letter concerning the Dedication, with leave to submit it to the public.

DEAR TOWN,

THE flatness and fulsome insipidity of Dedications has often been the subject of our conversation; and we have always agreed, that Authors have mis-

carried in these pieces of flattery, by injudiciously affronting, when they meant to compliment, their patrons. The humble Dedicator loads his Great Man with virtues totally foreign to his nature and disposition, which sit as awkwardly upon him, as lace or embroidery on a chimney-sweeper; and so overwhelms him with the huge mass of learning with which he graciously dubs him a scholar, that he makes as ridiculous a figure as the Ass in the Dunciad. After having thus bepraised his patron, till the new Mæcenæ is heartily ashamed of himself, he wonders that no notice is taken of so pompous an eulogium, and that a Dedication should be as mere a drug as a sermon.

Lory, in the Relapse, advises Fashion to get into the good graces of Lord Fop-pington,

ington, by falling in love with his coach, being in raptures with his peruke, seeming ravished with the genteel dangle of his sword-knot; and, in short, to recommend himself to his noble elder brother, by affecting to be captivated with his favourites. In like manner, the Author, who would make his Dedication really valuable, should not talk to his patron of his honour, and virtue, and integrity, and a pack of unfashionable qualities, which only serve to disgrace a Fine Gentleman; but boldly paint him what he really is, and at the same time convince him of his merit in being a fool, and his glory in being a scoundrel. This mode of Dedication, though proper at all times, will appear with a particular good grace before A System of Immoral Philosophy: wherefore, as my book is now finished, I have here sent you a rough draught of the Epistle Dedictory, and shall be glad to hear your opinion of it.

May it please your Grace! or, My Lord! or, Sir!

You are in every point so complete a Fine Gentleman, that the following Treatise is but a faint transcript of your accomplishments. There is not one qualification, requisite in the character of a man of spirit, which you do not possess. Give me leave, therefore, on the present occasion, to point forth your inestimable qualities to the world, and hold up to the public view so glorious an example.

You distinguished yourself so early in life, and exalted yourself so far above the common pitch of vulgar Bucks, that you was distinguished, before the age of twenty, with the noble appellation of Stag: and, when I consider the many gallant exploits you have performed, the number of rascally poltrons you have sent out of the world, the number of pretty little foundlings you have brought into it, how many girls you have debauched, how many women of quality you have intrigued with and how many hogheads of French wine you have run through your body, I cannot help contemplating you as a Stag of the first head.

What great reason have you to value yourself on your noble achievements at Arthur's! The sums you formerly lost, and those you have lately won, are amazing instances of your spirit and address; first, in venturing so deeply, before you was let into the secret; and then, in ma-

naging it with so much adroitness and dexterity, since you have been acquainted with it. Nobody cogs the dice, or packs the cards, half so skilfully: you hedge a bet with uncommon nicety, and are a most incomparably shrewd judge of the odds.

Nor have your exploits on the Turf rendered you less famous. Let the annals of Poind and Heber deliver down to posterity the glorious account of what plates you have won, what matches you made, and how often the Knowing Ones have been taken in; when, for private reasons, you have found it necessary that your horse should run on the wrong side of the post, or to be distanced after winning the first heat. I need not mention your own skill in Horsemanship, and in how many matches you have condescended to ride yourself; for in this particular, it must be acknowledged, you cannot be outdone, even by your groom or jockey.

All the world will witness the many instances of your courage, which has been often tried and exerted in Hyde Park, and behind Montague House; nay, you have sometimes been known to draw your sword most heroically at the opera, the play, and even at private routes and assemblies. How often have you put to flight a whole army of watchmen, constables, and beadles, with the justices at their head! You have cleared a whole bawdy-house before you, and taken many a tavern by storm; you have pinned a waiter to the ground; and have besides proved yourself an excellent marksman, by shooting a post-boy flying. With so much valour and firmness, it is not to be doubted, but that you would behave with the same intrepidity, if occasion called, upon Hounslow Heath, or in Maidenhead Thicket; and, if it were necessary, you would as boldly resign yourself up to the hands of Jack Ketch, and swing as genteelly as Maclean or Gentleman Harry. The same noble spirit would likewise enable you to aim the pistol at your own head, and go out of the world like a man of honour and a gentleman.

But your Courage has not rendered you insusceptible of the softer passions, to which your heart has been ever inclined. To say nothing of your galantries with women of fashion, your intrigues with milliners and mantua-makers, or your seducing raw country

girls and innocent tradesmens daughters, you have formerly been so constant in your devoirs to Mrs. Douglass, and the whole sisterhood, that you sacrificed your health and constitution in their service. But, above all, witness the sweet, delicate creature, whom you have now in keeping, and for whom you entertain such a strong and faithful passion, that, for her sake, you have tenderly and affectionately deserted your wife and family.

Though, from your elegant taste for pleasures, you appear made for the gay world, yet these polite amusements have not called off your attention from the more serious studies of Politics and Religion. In Politics you have made such a wonderful proficiency, both in theory and practice, that you have discovered the good of your country to be a mere joke, and confirmed your own interest,

as well as established your consequence, in the proper place, by securing half a dozen boroughs. As to religion, you soon unravelled every mystery of that; and not only know the Bible to be as romantic as the Alcoran, but have also written several volumes, to make your discoveries plainer to meaner capacities. The ridiculous prejudices of a foolish world unhappily prevent your publishing them at present: but you have wisely provided, that they shall one day see the light; when, I doubt not, they will be deemed invaluable, and be as universally admired as the Posthumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke.

I am,

May it please your Grace! or, My Lord! or, Sir! in humble admiration of your excellencies,

&c. &c. &c.

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Nº CXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1756.

QUO PATRE SIT NATUS, NUM IGNOTA MATRE INHONESTUS? HOR.

SAY, WHO CAN CLAIM THE FOUNDLING FOR THEIR SON?
MY LORD AND MOLLY? OR HER GRACE AND JOHN!

THE notices in the public papers that the Foundling Hospital will be open for the reception of infants in general under a certain age, have, I find, given universal satisfaction. The consequences of a big belly do not appear so dreadful as heretofore; and it was but yesterday, that a young fellow of intrigue told me, he was happy that his children would no longer be thrown out of the Hospital; as he himself had been out of Arthur's, by black-balls. For my part, though I have no lady in keeping, no child by my housekeeper nor any other affair of gallantry on my hands, which makes me wish to swell the number of infants maintained by that charity, I must own myself to be exceedingly rejoiced at the extension of so benevolent a design. I look upon it as the certain preservation of many hundreds in embryo: nor shall we now hear of so many helpless babes birth-strangled in a necessary, or smothered by the 'ditch-delivered drab.' As a bastard is accounted in law, *quasi nullius filius*, the child of nobody, and related to nobody, and yet is blessed with as fair

proportions, and capable of an equal degree of perfection with 'honest Madam's issue,' it is surely an act of great humanity thus to rescue them from untimely deaths, and other miseries, which they do not merit, whatever may be the guilt of their parents.

Though it is obvious that this Hospital will be made the receptacle of many legitimate children, it is no less certain that the rich, as well as the poor, will often send their base-born bantlings to this general nursery. The wealthy man of quality, or substantial cit, may have their private family reasons for not owning the fruits of their secret amours, and be glad to put the little living witnesses of their intrigues out of the way. For this reason, an history of the Foundlings received there would be very curious and entertaining, as it would contain many anecdotes not to be learned from any Parish-register. The reflections that passed in my mind on this subject, gave occasion the other evening to the following Dream.

Methought, as I was standing at the private door of the Hospital, where a crowd

crowd of females (each of them with a child in her arms) were pressing to get in, an elderly gentleman, whom from his white staff I took to be a governor of the charity, very courteously invited me to come in. I accepted his offer; and having seated myself near him—'Mr. Town,' says he, 'I am conscious that you look upon most of these little infants as the offsprings of so many unmarried fathers and maiden mothers, which have been clandestinely smuggled into the world. Know, then, that I am one of those guardian Genii appointed to superintend the fortunes of Bastards: therefore, as this Hospital is more immediately under my tuition, I have put on this disguise; and, if you please, will let you into the secret history of those babes who are my wards, and their parents.'

I assured him his intelligence would be highly agreeable; and several now coming up to offer their children, he resumed his discourse. 'Observe,' said he, 'that jolly little rogue, with plump cheeks, a florid complexion, blue eyes, and sandy locks. We have here already several of his brethren by the mother's side; some fair, some brown, and some black: and yet they are all supposed to have come by the same father. The mother has for many years been housekeeper to a gentleman, who cannot see that her children bear the marks of his own servants, and that this very brat is the exact resemblance of his coachman.'

'That puling, whining infant there, with a pale face, emaciated body, and distorted limbs, is the forced product of viper-broth and cantharides. It is the offspring of a worn-out buck of quality, who, at the same time he debauched the mother, ruined her constitution by a filthy disease; in consequence of which, she, with much difficulty, brought forth this just image of himself in miniature.'

'The next that offers is the issue of a careful cit; who, as he keeps an horse for his own riding on Sundays, which he lets out all the rest of the week, keeps also a mistress for his recreation on the seventh day, who lets herself out on the other six. That other babe owes his birth likewise to the city; but is the joint product, as we may say, of two fathers; who being great oeconomists in their plea-

tures, as well as in their business, have set up a whore and a one-horse chaise in partnership together.'

'That pert young baggage there, who so boldly presses forward with her brat, is not the mother of it, but is maid to a single lady of the strictest honour and unblemished reputation. About a twelvemonth ago her mistress went to Bath for the benefit of her health: and, ten months after, she travelled into North Wales, to see a relation; from whence she is just returned. We may suppose that she took a fancy to that pretty babe while in the country, and brought it up to town with her, in order to place it here: as she did a few years ago to another charming boy; which, being too old to be got into this Hospital, is now at a school in Yorkshire, where young gentlemen are boarded, clothed, educated, and found in all necessities, for ten pounds a year.'

'That chubby little boy, which you see in the arms of yonder strapping wench in a cambric gown and red cloak, is her own son. She is by profession a bed-maker in one of the universities, and of the same college in which the father (a grave tutor) holds a fellowship, under the usual condition of not marrying. Many sober gentlemen of the cloth, who are in the same scrape, are glad to take the benefit of this charity: and if all of the same reverend order, like the priests abroad, were laid under the same restrictions, you might expect to see a particular Hospital erected for the reception of the Sons of the Clergy.'

'That next child belongs to a sea-captain's lady, whose husband is expected to return every moment from a long voyage; the fears of which have happily hastened the birth of this infant a full month before it's time. That other is the posthumous child of a wealthy old gentleman, who married a young girl for love, and died in the honey-moon. This his son and heir was not born till near a twelvemonth after his decease, because it's birth was retarded by the excessive grief of his widow; who on that account rather chose to lie in privately, and to lodge their only child here, than to have it's legitimacy, and her own honour, called in question by her husband's relations.'

My companion pointed out to me several others, whose original was no less extraordinary; among which, I remember, he told me, one was the unhallowed brood of a Methodist Teacher, and another the premature spawn of a Maid of Honour. A poor Author eased himself of a very heavy load of two twin-daughters, which in an evil hour he begot on an hawker of pamphlets, after he had been writing a luscious novel: but I could not help smiling at the marks sent in with these new Muses, signifying that one had been christened Terpsichore, and the other Polyhymnia. Several bantlings were imported from Illington, Hoxton, and other villages within the sound of Bow Bell: many were transplanted hither out of the country; and a whole litter of brats were sent in from two or three parishes in

particular, for which it is doubtful whether they were most indebted to the parson or the squire.

A modest looking woman now brought a very fine babe to be admitted; but the governors rejected it, as it appeared to be above two months old. The mother, on the contrary, persisted in affirming, that it was but just born; and, addressing herself to me, desired me to look at it. I accordingly took it in my arms; and while I was tossing it up and down, and praising it's beauty, the sly hussy contrived to slip away, leaving the precious charge to my care. The efforts which I made to bawl after her, and the squalling of the brat, which rung piteously in my ears, luckily awaked me; and I was very happy to find that I had only been dandling my pillow, instead of a bantling. W.

N° CXXIV. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

ACCIPERE, PER LONGOS TIBI QUI DESERVEAT ANNOS;
ACCIPERE, QUI PURA NORIT AMARE FIDE,
EST NULLI CESSURA FIDES; SINE CRIMINE MORES;
NUDAQUE SIMPLICITAS, PURPUREUSQUE PUDOR.
NON MINI MILLE PLACENT; NON SUM DESULTOR AMORIS;
TU MIHI (SI QUA FIDES) CURA PERENNIS ERIS. OVID.

SCORN ME NOT, CHLOE; ME, WHOSE FAITH WELL TRY'D,
LONG YEARS APPROVE, AND HONEST PASSIONS GUIDE:
MY SPOTLESS SOUL NO FOUL AFFECTIONS MOVE,
BUT CHASTE SIMPLICITY, AND MODEST LOVE:
NOR I, LIKE SHALLOW FOPS, FROM FAIR TO FAIR
ROVING AT RANDOM, FAITHLESS PASSION SWEAR.
BUT THOU ALONE SHALT BE MY CONSTANT CARE.

ALMOST every man is or has been, or at least thinks that he is or has been, a Lover. One has fought for his mistress, another drank for her, another wrote for her, and another has done all three: and yet, perhaps, in spite of their duels, poetry, and bumpers, not one of them ever entertained a sincere passion. I have lately taken a survey of the numerous tribe of *Enamoratos*; and, after having observed the various shapes they wear, think I may safely pronounce, that though all profess to have been in Love, there are very few who are really capable of it.

It is a maxim of Rochefoucault's, that 'many men would never have been in Love, if they had never heard of Love.' The justice of this remark is equal to it's shrewdness. The ridicu-

lous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing else, by imitation. Young creatures, almost mere children, have been consumed with this second-hand flame lighted up at another's passion; and, in consequence of the Loves of the footman and chambermaid, I have known little Master fancy himself a dying swain at the age of thirteen, and little Miss pining away with Love in a bib and hanging-sleeves.

That vast heap of volumes, filled with Love, and sufficient in number to make a library, are great enflamers, and seldom fail to produce that kind of passion described by Rochefoucault. The chief of these literary seducers are the old romances, and their degenerate,

spawn,

spawn, the modern novels. The young student reads of the emotions of Love, till he imagines that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breast; as valetudinarians study the history of a disease, till they fancy themselves affected with every symptom of it. For this reason, I am always sorry to see any of this trash in the hands of young people: I look upon Cassandra and Cleopatra, as well as Betty Barnes, Polly Willis, &c. as no better than bawds; and consider Don Bellianis of Greece, and Sir Amadis de Gaul, with George Edwards, Lovell, &c. as arrant pimps. But though romances and novels are both equally stimulatives, yet their operations are very different. The romance-student becomes a fond Corydon of Sicily, or a very Damon of Arcadia, and is in good truth such a dying swain, that he believes he shall hang himself upon the next willow, or drown himself in the next pond, if he should lose the object of his wishes; but the young novelist turns out more a man of the world; and after having gained the affections of his mistress, forms an hundred schemes to secure the possession of her, and to ban her relations.

There are among the tribe of Lovers, a sort of lukewarm gentlemen, who can hardly be said, in the language of love, to entertain a *flame* for their mistress. These are your men of superlative delicacy and refinement, who loath the gross ideas annexed to the amours of the vulgar, and aim at something more spiritualized and sublime. These philosophers in Love doat on the mind alone of their mistress, and would fain see her naked soul divested of its material incumbrances. Gentlemen of this complexion might perhaps not improperly be ranged in the romantic class, but they have assumed to themselves the name of *Platonic Lovers*.

Platonism, however, is in these days very scarce; and there is another class, infinitely more numerous, composed of a sort of Lovers, whom we may justly distinguish by the title of Epicureans. The principles of this sect are diametrically opposite to those of the Platonics. They think no more of the soul of their mistress than a Mussulman, but are in raptures with her person. A Lover of this sort is in perpetual extasies: his passion is so violent, that he even scorches you with his flame; and he runs over

the perfections of his mistress in the same stile that a jockey praises his horse: 'Such limbs! such eyes! such a neck and breast! such—oh, she's a rare piece!' Their ideas go no farther than mere external accomplishments; and, as their wounds may be said to be only skin-deep, we cannot allow their breasts to be smitten with Love, though perhaps they may rangle with a much grosser passion. Yet it must be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentleman of this cast to be involved in what is called a Love match: but then it is owing to the same cause with the marriage of Sir John Brute, who says—'I married my wife because I wanted to lie with her, and she would not let me.'

Other gentlemen, of a gay disposition and warm constitution, who go in the catalogue for Lovers, are adorers of almost every woman they see. The flame of love is as easily kindled in them, as the sparks are struck out of a flint; and it also expires as soon. A Lover of this sort dances one day with a lady at a ball, and loses his heart to her in a minute; the next, another carries it off in the Mall; and the next day, perhaps, he goes out of town, and lodges it in the possession of all the country beauties successively, till at last he brings it back to town with him, and presents it to the first woman he meets. This class is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true Lovers, since a gentleman who is thus in Love with every body, may fairly be said not to be in Love at all.

Love is universally allowed to be whimsical; and if whim is the essence of Love, none can be accounted truer Lovers than those who admire their mistress for some particular charm, which enchains them, though it would singly never captivate any body else. Some gentlemen have been won to conjugal embraces by a pair of fine arms; others have been held fast by an even white set of teeth! and I know a very good scholar, who was ensnared by a set of golden tresses, because it was the taste of the ancients, and the true classical hair. Those ladies, whose lovers are such piece-meal admirers, are in perpetual danger of losing them. A rash, or a pimple, may abate their affection. All those, the object of whose adoration is merely a pretty face or a fine person,

are in the power of the like accidents; and the small pox has occasioned many a poor lady the loss of her beauty and her Lover at the same time.

But after all these spurious *Enamoras*, there are some few, whose passion is sincere and well-founded. True, genuine Love, is always built upon esteem: not that I would mean, that a man can reason and argue himself into Love; but that a constant intercourse with an amiable woman will lead him into a contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will insensibly win his heart, before he is himself aware of it, and beget all those hopes, fears, and other extravagancies, which are the natural attendants on a true passion. Love has been described ten thousand times: but, that I may be sure that the little picture I would draw of it is taken from nature, I will conclude this paper with the story of honest Will Easy and his amiable wife. Will Easy and Miss ——— became very early acquainted; and, from being familiarly intimate with the whole family. Will might be almost said to live there. He dined and supped with them perpetually in town, and spent great part of the summer with them at their seat in the country. Will and the lady were both universally allowed to have sense, and their frequent conversations together gave them undoubted proofs of the goodness of each other's disposition. They delighted in the company, and admired the perfec-

tions, of each other, and gave a thousand little indications of a growing passion, not unobserved by others, even while it was yet unknown and unsuspected by themselves. However, after some time, Will, by mutual agreement, demanded the lady of her father in marriage. But, alas! 'the course of true Love never yet run smooth': the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the father, out of mere love to his daughter, to refuse her hand to the only man in the world with whom she could live happily, because he imagined that he might, in the Smithfield phrase, do *better* for her. But Love, grounded on just principles, is not easily shaken; and, as it appeared that their mutual passion had taken too deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at last, reluctantly, half consented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and Will, by his integrity and abilities, is an honour to a learned profession, and a blessing to his wife; whose greatest praise is, that her virtues deserve such an husband. She is pleased with having 'left dross to dutchesses;' he considers her happiness as his main interest; and their example every day gives fresh conviction to the father, that where two persons of strong sense and good hearts receive a reciprocal affection for each other, their passion is genuine and lasting, and their union is perhaps the truest state of happiness under the sun. O.

N^o CXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

CERVIVS HÆC INTER VICINUS GARRIT ANILES
X RE FABELLAS.

HOR.

WITH MR. TOWN, WHEN PROSE AND PRECEPTS FAIL,
HIS FRIENDS SUPPLY A POEM OR A TALE.

NOTHING has given me a more sensible pleasure, in the course of this undertaking, than the having been occasionally honoured with the correspondence of several ingenious gentlemen of both our Universities. My paper of to-day gives me unusual satisfaction on this account; and I cannot help looking on it with a great deal of pleasure, as a sort of a little Cambridge Miscellany. The reader will see it is com-

posed of two poems which I have lately received from a correspondent in that learned University. These little pieces, unless my regard for the writer makes me partial to them, contain many beauties, and are written with that elegant peculiarity of style and manner, which plainly speak them to come from the same hand that has already obliged the public with some other pieces of poetry published in this paper.

TO MR. TOWN.

TRIN. COLL. CAN. JUNE 6.

SIR,

YOUR Essay on the Abuse of Words was very well received here; but more especially that part of it which contained the modern definition of the word *Ruined*. You must know, Sir, that in the language of our old Dons, every young man is *ruined*, who is not an *arrant Tycho Brabe*, or *Erra Pater*. Yet it is remarkable, that, though the servants of the Muses meet with more than ordinary discouragement at this place, Cambridge has produced many celebrated poets; witness Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, &c. not to mention some admired writers of the present times. I myself, Sir, am grievously suspected of being better acquainted with Homer and Virgil than Euclid or Saunderson; and am universally agreed to be *ruined*, for having concerned myself with Hexameter and Pentameter more than Diameter. The equity of this decision I shall not dispute; but content myself at present with submitting to the public, by means of your paper, a few lines on the import of another favourite word, occasioned by the Essay above-mentioned.

But, fearing that so short a piece will not be sufficient to eke out a whole paper, I have subjoined to it another little poem, not originally designed for the public view, but written as a familiar epistle to a friend. The whole is nothing more than the natural result of many letters and conversations that had passed between us on the present state of poetry in these kingdoms; in which I flattered myself, that I was justifiable in my remarks on the barrenness of invention in most modern compositions, as well as in regard to the cause of it. We are now, indeed, all become such exact Critics, that there are scarce any tolerable Poets: what I mean by exact critics is, that we are grown, (I speak in general) by the help of Addison and Pope, better judges of composition than heretofore. We get an early knowledge of what chaste writing is: and even school-boys are checked in the luxuriance of their genius, and not suffered to run riot in their imaginations. I must own I cannot help looking on it as a bad omen to poetry, that there is now a-days scarce any such thing to be met

with as fustian and bombast: for our authors, dreading the vice of incorrectness above all others, grow ridiculously precise and affected. In short, however paradoxical it may seem, we have now, in my opinion, too *correct* a taste. It is to no purpose for such prudent, sober wooers, as our modern bards, to knock at the door of the Muses. They, as well as the mortal ladies, love to be attacked briskly. Should we take a review even of Chaucer's poetry, the most inattentive reader, in the very thickest of old Geoffry's woods, would find the light sometimes pierce through and break in upon him like lightning; and a man must have no soul in him, who does not admire the fancy, the strength, and elegance of Spenser, even through that disagreeable habit which the fashion of the times obliged him to wear. To conclude, there is this material difference between the former and present age of Poetry; that the writers in the first *thought* poetically; in the last, they only *express* themselves so. Modern poets seem to me more to study the manner how they shall write, than what is to be written. The minute accuracy of their productions, the bells of their rhymes, so well matched, making most melodious tinkle; and all the *mechanism* of poetry so exactly finished: (together with a total deficiency of spirit, which should be the leaven of the whole) put me in mind of a piece of furniture, generally found in the studies of the learned—'In an odd angle of the room,' a mahogany case, elegantly carved and fashioned on the outside, the specious covering of a—chamber-pot. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

R. L.

THE SATYR AND THE PEDLAR.

A FABLE.

WORDS are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a power at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for instance—All agree
Damn'd's the *superlative Degree*;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own;
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as it's neighbour's understood.

Examples

Examples we may find enough;
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine,
damn'd stuff.

So fares it too with it's relation,
 I mean it's substantive, *damnation*.
 The wit with metaphors makes bold,
 And tells you he's *damnation* cold:
 Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
 The self-same wit's *damnation* hot.

And here a fable I remember—
 Once in the middle of December,
 When every mead in snow is lost,
 And every river bound with frost;
 When families get all together,
 And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
 When—pox of the descriptive rhyme—
 In short, it was the winter time.

It was a Pedlar's happy lot
 To fall into a Satyr's cot:
 Shivering with cold, and almost froze,
 With pearly drop upon his nose,
 His fingers ends all pinch'd to death,
 He blew upon them with his breath.
 'Friend,' quoth the Satyr, 'what intends
 'That blowing on thy fingers ends?
 'It is to warm them thus I blow,
 'For they are froze as cold as snow;
 'And so inclement has it been,
 'I'm like a cake of ice within.'—
 'Come,' quoth the Satyr, 'comfort, man!
 'I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
 'You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
 'To a warm fire and stews of pottage.'

This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
 A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth;
 Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
 As smoking on the board it stood.
 But, though the very steam arose,
 With grateful odour to his nose,
 One single sip he ventured not,
 The gruel was so wondrous hot.
 What can be done?—with gentle puff
 He blows it, till 'tis cold enough.

'Why, how now, Pedlar, what's the
 'matter?'
 'Still at thy blowing?' quoth the Satyr.
 'I blow to cool it,' cries the clown,
 'That I may get the liquor down;
 'For, though I grant you've made it well,
 'You've boil'd it, Sir, as hot as hell.'

Then raising high his cloven stump,
 The Satyr smote him on the rump.
 'Begone thou double knave or fool;
 'With the same breath to warm and cool!
 'Friendship with such I never hold,
 'Who're so *damn'd* hot, and so *damn'd* cold.'

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
 That Modern Rules obstruct perfection,
 And the severity of *Taste*
 Has laid the walk of Genius waste.

Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
 Our authors creep instead of soaring;
 And all the brave imagination
 Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry in sober sadness,
 'There is discretion e'en in madness.'
 A pithy sentence, but wants credit,
 Because, I find, a Poet said it:
 Their verdict makes but small impression,
 Who are known liars by profession.
 Rise what exalted flights it will,
 True Genius will be Genius still;
 And say, that horse would you prefer,
 Which wants a bridle, or a spur?
 The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
 The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakespeare crept by Modern Rule,
 We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools;
 Instead of all that wild creation,
 He'd form'd a regular plantation,
 Or garden trim and all inclosed,
 In nicest symmetry disposed,
 The hedges cut in proper order,
 Nor e'en a branch beyond it's border.
 Now like a forest he appears,
 The growth of twice three hundred years;
 Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
 It's airy summit in the clouds,
 Where round it's root still loves to twine,
 The ivy and wild eglantine.

'But Shakespeare's all-creative fancy
 'Made others love extravagancy;
 'While cloud-capt Nonsense was their aim,
 'Like Horlohrumbo's mad Lord Flame,'
 True—Who can stop dull imitators,
 Those younger brothers of translators,
 Those insects, which from Genius rise,
 And buz about in swarms like flies;
 Fashion that sets the modes of dress,
 Sheds top her influence o'er the press;
 As formerly the sons of Rhime
 Sought Shakespeare's fancy and sublime,
 By cool correctness now they hope
 To emulate the praise of Pope.
 But Pope and Shakespeare both disclaim
 These low retainers to their fame.

What task can Dulness e'er effect
 So easy, as to write correct?
 Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
 By too much or too little wit;
 So to avoid the extremes of either,
 They miss the mark, and follow neither:
 They so exactly poise the scale,
 That neither measure will prevail;
 And Mediocrity, the Muse
 Did never in her sons excuse.
 'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
 With all the charms of modern *Taste*,
 And every senseless line is dress'd
 In quaint Expression's tinsel vest.
 Say, did you ever chance to meet
 A Monsieur Barber in the street,

Whose

Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces,
With little dabs of Dresden laces;
While, for the body, Monsieur Puff
Would think e'en Dowlas fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhimes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes;
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly strip them to the shirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

Shall then such wretches Bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
And when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?
Or, do I scorn the critic's rules,
Because I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' foul-mouth'd prose,
With all the force of Genius glows;
Though Dionysius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful, wise physician,
Dissects each part of composition,

And shews how beauty strikes the soul,
From a just compact of the whole;
Though Judgment in Quintilian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet Hypercritics I disdain,
A race of blockheads, dull and vain;
And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a Genius with dull rules;
And what their narrow science mocks,
Damn with the name of Her'odox.
These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the Critic's name,
Cry—'This is *Taste*—that's my opinion;
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you seen, with dire affright,
The Petty Monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the pris'ners to appear;
Harangue an hour on watchman's praise,
And on the dire effects of frays;
Then cry—'You'll suffer for your daring,
'And, damn you, you shall pay for swearing.'
Then, turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
I sit to represent the KING.

N^o CXXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

PROINDE TONA ELOQUIO, SOLITUM TIBI.—

VIRG.

RANT, ROAR, AND BELLOW WITH THEATRIC AIR,
AND SINK THE REV'REND PREACHER IN THE PLAY'R.

I Remember a rector of a parish at the court end of the town, who was generally accounted a very fine preacher; that used to aim at delivering himself in the most bold and animated style of oratory. The tone of his voice was nicely accommodated to the different branches of his discourse, and every thing was pronounced with uncommon energy and emphasis: he also indulged himself in equal freedom of action, and abounded in various extraordinary gesticulations: his sermons themselves were sown thick with tropes, metaphors, and similes, and every where enriched with *apostrophe* and *prosopopæia*.

As I knew that this reverend gentleman had been abroad with a young nobleman in the capacity of a travelling tutor, I did not wonder at the violent exertion of his voice, and the vehemence of his action; this affected air being a piece of clerical foppery, which an itinerant clergyman is apt to adopt, while his pupil is gleaming all the other follies of Paris: at which place it is very common to see a *capuchine* so heated with

the subject, that he often seems in danger of throwing himself out of the pulpit. But I was at a loss how to account for the glowing style of his discourses; till, happening to turn over the works of a celebrated French preacher, I found that the oratorical performances of my friend were no other than the faithful translations of them.

This sort of pulpit plagiarism may perhaps be more adapted to the taste of some of our fashionable declaimers, than the more hackneyed method of transcribing a page from Barrow, Tillotson, or Atterbury. But, although such practices may be less liable to detection, it is certainly more orthodox to rifle the works of our own Divines than to ransack the treasures of Romish priests; and their enflamed orations are undoubtedly less adapted to the genius of our people, than the sober reasonings of our own preachers. Voltaire, in his Essay on Epic Poetry, has touched this point with his usual vivacity, and given a very just description of the different species of Pulpit Eloquence that obtain in

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Francis

France and England. The whole passage is as follows. 'Discourses, aiming at the *pathetic*, pronounced with vehemence, and accompanied with violent gestures, would excite laughter in an English congregation. For as they are fond of bloated language, and the most impassioned eloquence on the Stage, so in the Pulpit they affect the most unornamented simplicity. A Sermon in France is a long *Declamation*, scrupulously divided into three parts, and delivered with *enthusiasm*. In England a Sermon is a *solid*, but sometimes *dry*, *Dissertation*, which a man reads to the people, without gesture, and without any particular exaltation of the voice. In Italy, he adds, 'a Sermon is a Spiritual Comedy: or rather Farce, he might have said; since the Preachers in that country harangue their audience, running to and fro on a sort of raised stage, like a mountebank. It must be owned, however, that some of our clergy are greatly wanting in that life and spirit, which would render their instructions more affecting, as well as more pleasing. Their sermons are frequently drawled out in one dull tone, without any variation of voice or gesture: so that it is no wonder if some of the congregation should be caught napping, when the preacher himself hardly seems to be awake. But though this drowsy delivery is not to be commended, yet a serious earnestness is most likely to engage the attention, and convince the reason. This manner, as it is most decent in itself, is best suited to an English audience: though it is no wonder that a different strain of oratory should prevail in France; since a Frenchman accompanies almost every word in ordinary conversation with some fantastic gesture; and even enquires concerning your health, and talks of the weather, with a thousand shrugs and grimaces.

But though I do not like to see a preacher lazily lolling on the cushion, or dozing over his sermon-case, and haranguing his audience with an unchristian apathy; yet even this unanimated delivery is perhaps less offensive, than to observe a clergyman not so assiduous to instruct his audience, as to be admired by them: not to mention, that even Voltaire himself seems to think our manner of preaching preferable, on the whole, to the declamatory stile and af-

fectest gestures, used by the clergy of his own nation. A sober divine should not ascend the pulpit with the same passions that a public orator mounts the *rostrum*: much less should he assume the voice, gesture, and deportment of a player, and the language of the theatre. He should preserve a temperance in the most earnest parts of his discourse, and go through the whole of it in such a manner, as best agrees with the solemn place in which it is uttered. Pompous nonsense, bellowed out with a thundering accent, comes with a worse grace from the pulpit, than bombast and fustian injudiciously ranted forth by a 'periwig-pated fellow' on the stage. I cannot better illustrate the absurdity and indecency of this manner, than by a familiar, though shameful, instance of it. Whoever has occasionally joined with the butchers in making up the audience of the Clare Market Orator, will agree with me, that the impropriety of his stile and the extravagance of his action become still more shocking and intolerable by the day which they profane, and the ecclesiastic appearance of the place in which the declaimer harangues. Thus, while those who thunder out damnation from parish pulpits, may, from assuming the manners of the theatre, be resembled to ranting players; the Clare Market Orator, while he turns religion into farce, must be considered as exhibiting shews and interludes of an inferior nature; and himself regarded as a Jack-pudding in a gown and cassock.

A bloated stile is perhaps of all others least to be commended. It is more frequently made a shelter for nonsense, than a vehicle of truth: but, though improper on all occasions, it more especially deviates from the chaste plainness and simplicity of Pulpit Eloquence. Nor am I less displeased with those who are admired by some as *pretty* preachers; as I think a clergyman may be a coxcomb in his stile and manner, as well as a prig in his appearance. Flowers of rhetoric, injudiciously scattered over a sermon, are as disgusting in his discourse, as the smug wig and scented white handkerchief in his dress. The *pretty* preacher aims also at politeness and good-breeding, takes the ladies to task in a genteel vein of raillery, and handles their modish foibles with the same air that he gallants their fans; but

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if he has a mind to put his abilities to the stretch, and indulge himself in a more than ordinary flow of rhetoric, he fritters away the solemnity of some scriptural subject; and I have heard a flourishing declaimer of this cast take off from the awful idea of the Passion, by dwelling principally on the gracefulness of person, sweetness of voice, and elegance of deportment in the Divine Sufferer; and at another time, in speaking of the Fall, I have known him enter into a picturesque description of the woods, groves, and rivulets, pansies, pinks, and violets, that threw a perpetual gaiety over the face of nature in the garden of Eden.

Affected oratory and an extravagant delivery were first practised by those who vary from the established church: nor is there any manner so unbecoming and indecent, which has not, at one time or another, been accounted truly spiritual and graceful. Snuffing through the nose, with an harmonious twang, has been regarded as a kind of church music best calculated to raise devotion, and a piteous chorus of sighs and groans has been thought the most effectual call to repentance. Irregular tremblings of the voice, and contortions of the person, have long been the eloquence of Quakers and Presbyterians: and are now the favourite mode of preaching practised by those self-ordained teachers, who strike out new lights in religion, and pour

forth their extempory rhapsodies in a torrent of enthusiastical oratory. An inspired cobbler will thunder out anathemas, with the tone and gesture of St. Paul, from a joint-stool; and an enlightened bricklayer will work himself up to such a pitch of vehemence, as shall make his audience quake again. I am sorry to see our regular divines rather copying, than reforming this hot and extravagant manner of preaching: and have with pain been witness to a wild intemperate delivery in our parish churches, which I should only have expected at the chapel in Long Acre, or at the Foundery and Tabernacle in Moorfields.

As a serious earnestness in the delivery, and a nervous simplicity in the stile of a discourse, are the most becoming ornaments in the pulpit, so an affectation of eloquence is no where so offensive. The delivery of a preacher, as well as his diction, should, like his dress, be plain and decent. Inflamed eloquence and wild gestures are unsuitable to the place and his function; and though such vehement heat may perhaps kindle the zeal of a few enthusiastical old beldams in the aisle, it has a very different effect on the more rational part of the congregation. I would therefore recommend it to our fashionable divines, to aim at being Preachers rather than Orators or Actors, and to endeavour to make their discourses appear like Sermons rather than Orations. ○

Nº CXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

FERVENS DIFFICILI BILE TUMET JECUR.

HOR.

RAGE IN HER EYES, DISTRACTION IN HER MIEN,
HER BREAST INDIGNANT SWELLS WITH JEALOUS SPLEEN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,
WE are told, that in Spain it is the custom for husbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the fashion to lock up their mistresses under the guard of a trusty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the same restrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very Duenna: she is as careful of me, as the Keiser Aga, or

Chief Eunuch, is of the Grand Signior's favourite Sultana: and whether she believes that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, she will never trust me out of her sight; but sticks as close to me, as if she really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I am never suffered to stir abroad without her, lest I should go astray; and at home she follows me up and down the house, like a child in leading-strings: nay, if I do but step down stairs on any ordinary occasion, she is so afraid I should

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give her the slip, that she always screams after me, 'My dear, you are not going out;' though, for better security, she generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves and cardinal, that one may not stir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myself, that I am handsomer, or better made than other men; nor has she, in my eyes at least, fewer charms than other women. Need I add, that my complexion is not over sanguine, nor my constitution very robust? and yet she is so very doubtful of my constancy, that I cannot speak, or even pay the compliment of my hat, to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealousy. Such an one, she is sure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than she should be; and she saw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of some private assignation between us. A nun, Sir, might as soon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our house: she has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own sex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody, but maiden ladies in the bloom of threescore, and beauties of the last century.

She will scarce allow me to mix even with persons of my own sex; and she looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common seducers: one evening, indeed, she vouchsafed to trust me out of doors at a tavern with some of my male friends; but the first bottle had scarce gone round, before word was brought up, that my boy was come with the lanthorn to light me home. I sent him back with orders to call in an hour; when presently after the maid was dispatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the summons; when, to our great surprise, the sick lady herself bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit; from which she did not recover, till the coach had set us down at our own house. She then called me the basest of husbands; and said, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houses, and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at last she declared it to be her firm resolution,

that I should never set my foot in any one of them again, except herself be allowed to make one of the company.

You will suppose, Sir, that while my wife is thus cautious that I should not be led astray when abroad, she takes particular care that I may not stumble on temptation at home. For this reason, as soon as I had brought her to my house, my two maid-servants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and some open accusations, of too near an intimacy between us: though I protest to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as Mother Shipton; and the other, a strapping wench, as coarse and brawny as the Female Sampson. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his master's sly ways. A chair-woman was forced to do our work for some time, before madam could suit herself with maids for her purpose. One was too pert an hussy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At present our household is made up of such beautiful monsters, as Caliban himself might fall in love with: my lady's own waiting-woman has a most inviting hump back, and is so charmingly paralytic, that she shakes all over, like a Chinese figure; the house-maid squints most delightfully with one solitary eye, which weeps continually for the loss of it's fellow; and the cook, besides a most captivating red face and protuberant waist, has a most graceful hobble in her gate, occasioned by one leg being shorter than the other.

I need not tell you, that I must never write a letter, but my wife must see the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till she has broke the seal, or read it, till she has first run it over. Every rap at the door from the post-man makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burst with spleen at seeing a superscription, written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impression on the wax: and a Cupid, or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or stamped with a thimble, she interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux; and if there is a blank space left

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in any part of the letter, she always holds it for some time before the fire; that if it should be filled with any secret contents, written in juice of lemons, they may by that means become visible.

About a month ago she found a mysterious paper in my coat-pocket, which awakened all her mistrust. This suspicious manuscript was drawn up in hieroglyphics; which, as she could not interpret, she immediately concluded it to be a *billet-doux* from some nasty creature, whom I secretly maintained in a corner of the town; and that we corresponded together in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blacksmith in the country; who never having learnt to write, expressed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a spade, he charged it to my account, by drawing as well as he could, the figure of a spade, and adding at a little distance six perpendicular lines, to signify *sixpence*; or, if he had repaired a plough, he sketched out that also in the same kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four curve lines, to denote *four shillings*. This matter I explained to my wife as fully as possible, but very little to her satisfaction. It is absolutely impossible to quiet her suspicions:

she is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull; nay, upbraids me on this account before strangers; and it was but last week, that she put me to inconceivable confusion before a whole room-full of company, by telling them, that I was in love with a blacksmith.

Jealousy, Sir, it is said, is a sign of love. It may be so: but it is a species of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to say, that many a modern wife hates her husband most heartily, without causing him half that uneasiness, which my loving consort's suspicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims disturb me the more, because I am naturally of an even mind and calm disposition: and one of the chief blessings I promised myself in matrimony was, to enjoy the sweets of domestic tranquillity. I loved my wife passionately; but I must own, that these perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with less and less tenderness every day; and though there is not a woman in the world that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that such violent suspicions, without a cause, have often created real matter for jealousy. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

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N^o CXXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1756.

QUOD OPTIMUM SIT QUÆRITIS CONVIVIVM.

IN QUOD CHOLAURES NON VENIT?

MART.

HAPPY THAT HOUSE WHERE FIDDLES NEVER COME,

HORN, HAUTBOY, HARPSICORD, NOR KETTLE-DRUM.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

MY wife is mad, stark mad; and unless you can prescribe some remedy for that strange phrenzy which possesses her, my peace of mind must be for ever broken, and my fortune inevitably ruined. You must know, Sir, that she is afflicted with a disorder exactly opposite to the bite of a Tarantula: for, as that is said to admit of no cure but music, there is not a note in the Gamut, but what tends to heighten and inflame my wife's lunacy. I find it is the fashion, in this age, for singers and fiddlers to publish Appeals to the public:

wherefore, as you have hitherto listened to the complaints of husbands, I must beg you now to consider mine, and to suffer me also to appeal to the public, by means of your paper.

A few years ago business called me over to Italy; where this unfortunate woman received the first touches of this disorder. She soon conceived a violent passion for taste in general, which settled at last in an unquenchable rage after musical compositions. Solos, Sonatas, Operas, and Concertos, became her sole employment and delight, and singers and musicians her only company. At length, full of Italian airs, she returned to England, where also her whole happiness

happiness has been centered in the orchestra, and it has been her whole pride to be thought a *Connoisseur* in music. If there is an opera, oratorio, or concert, to be performed within the bills of mortality, I do not believe that the riches of the Indies could prevail on her to be absent. Two, and two only, good consequences flow from this madness; and those are, that she constantly attends St. James's Chapel, for the sake of the anthem and the rest of the music: and out of the many pounds idly squandered in minims and semi-quivers, some few are dedicated to charities, which are promoted by musical performances.

But what makes this rage after catgut more irksome and intolerable to me is, that I have not myself the least idea of what they call Taste, and it almost drives me mad to be pestered with it. I am a plain man, and have not the least spice of a *Connoisseur* in my composition; yet nothing will satisfy my wife, unless I appear as fond of such nonsense as herself. About a month ago she prevailed on me to attend her to the Opera, where every dying fall made her expire, as well as Lady Townly. She was ravished with one air, in extasies at another, applauded *Ricciarelli*, encored *Mingotti*, and, in short acted like an absolute madwoman; while the performance, and her behaviour, had a quite different effect upon me, who sat dumb with confusion, 'most musical, most melancholy,' at her elbow. When we came home again, she seemed as happy as harmony could make her; but I must own, that I was all discord, and most heartily vexed at being made a fool in public. 'Well,' 'my dear,' said she, 'how do you like the Opera?'—'Zounds, Madam, I would as soon be dragged through an horsepond, as to go to an opera with you again.'—'O fie, but you must be delighted with *The Mingotti*.'—'*The Mingotti*! The Devil.'—'Well, I am sorry for it, Sir Aaron, but I find you have no Ear.'—'Ear, Madam? I had rather cut off my ears, than suffer them to make me an idiot.' To this she made no reply, but began a favourite opera tune; and, after taking a tour round the room, like one of the fencers, left me alone.

If my wife could be satisfied, like other musical ladies, with attending public performances, and now and then

thrumming on her Harpsichord the tunes she hears there, I should be content: but she has also a concert of her own constantly once a week. Here she is in still greater raptures than at the opera, as all the music is chosen and appointed by herself. The expence of this whim is monstrous; for not one of these people will open their mouths, or rosin a single string, without being very well paid for it. Then she must have all the best hands and voices; and has almost as large a set of performers in pay as the manager of the opera. It puts me quite out of patience to see these fellows strutting about my house, dressed up like lords and gentlemen. Not a single fiddler, or singer, but what appears in lace or embroidery; and I once mistook my wife's chief musician for a foreign ambassador.

It is impossible to recount the numberless follies to which this ridiculous passion for music exposes her. Her devotion to that art makes her almost adore the professors of it. A musician is a greater man in her eye than a duke; and she would sooner oblige an opera-singer than a countess. She is as busy in promoting their benefits, as if she was to have the receipts of the house; and quarrels with all her acquaintance who will not permit her to load them with tickets. Every fiddler in town makes it his business to scrape an acquaintance with her; and an Italian is no sooner imported, than she becomes a part of my wife's band of performers. In the late Opera disputes, she has been a most furious partizan; and it is impossible for any patriot to feel more anxiety for the danger of Blakeney and Minorca, than she has suffered on account of the Opera, and the loss of *Mingotti*.

I do not believe my wife has a single idea except recitative, airs, counter-tenor, thorough-bass, &c. which are perpetually ringing in her head. When we sit together, instead of joining in any agreeable conversation, she is always either humming a tune, or 'discouraging' 'most eloquent music.' Nature has denied her a voice; but as Italy has given her Taste and a graceful manner, she is continually squeaking out strains, less melodious than the harmony of ballad-singing in our streets, or psalm-singing in a country-church. To make her still more ridiculous, she learns to play on that masculine instrument the bass-viol:

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the pleasure of which nothing can prevail on her to forego, as the bass-viol, she daily tells me, contains the whole power and very soul of harmony.

What method, Mr. Town, shall I pursue to cure my wife of this musical phrenzy? I have some thoughts of holding weekly a burlesque *Roratorio*, composed of mock-airs, with grand accompaniments of the Jew's Harp, Wooden Spoons, and Marrowbones and Cleavers, on the same day with my wife's concert; and have actually sent to two of Mrs. Midnight's hands to teach me the art and mystery of playing on the Broomstick and Hurdy-Gurdy, at the same time that my wife learns on the bass-viol. I have also a strong rough voice, which will enable me to roar out Bumper, Squire Jones, Roast Beef, or some other old English ballad, whenever she begins to trill forth her melodious airs in Italian. If this has no effect, I will learn to beat the drum, or wind the post-horn; and if I should still find it impossible for noise and clamour to overcome the sound of her voices and instruments, I have resolved peremptorily to shut my doors against singers and fiddlers, and even to demolish her harpsichord and bass-viol.

But this, alas! is coming to extremities, which I am almost afraid to venture, and would endeavour to avoid. I have no aversion to music; but I would not be a fiddler: nor do I dislike company; yet I would as soon keep an inn, as convert my house into a theatre for all the idle things of both sexes to assemble at. But my wife's affections are so wedded to the *Camut*, that I cannot devise any means to wean her from this folly. If I could make her fond of dress, or teach her to love cards, plays, or any thing but music, I should be happy. This method of destroying my peace with harmony, is no better than tickling me to death; and to squander away such sums of money on a parcel of bawling scraping rascals in laced coats and bag-wigs, is absolutely giving away my estate for an old song. You, Mr. Town, are a professed *Connoisseur*; therefore, either give me a little taste, or teach my wife to abandon it: for at present we are but a jangling pair, and there is not the least harmony between us; though, like bass and treble, we are obliged to join in concert. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. AARON HUMKIN.

N° CXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

— POST CINERES GLORIA SERA VENIT.

MART.

FAME TO OUR ASHES COMES, ALAS! TOO LATE;
AND PRAISE SMELLS RANK UPON THE COFFIN PLATE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am a rich old bachelor, and, like other ancient gentlemen of that order, am very fond of being indulged in all my odd humours, and always having my own way. This is one reason I never married: for if my wife had been a shrewish termagant, she would have killed me; and if she had been a tame domestic animal, I should have killed her. But the way of life I have now fallen into is, of all others, the best calculated to gratify my fantastical temper. I have no near relation, indeed, who will submit to be treated as an humble cousin all my life, in hopes of being happy at my death; yet I abound in sycophants and followers, every one of whom I delude, like another Volpone, with the expectations of being

made my heir. The abject spirit of these wretches flatters me, and amuses me. I am indolent, and hate contradiction; and can safely say, that not one of my acquaintance has contradicted me for these seven years. There is not one of them but would be glad if I would spit in his face, or rejoice at a kick of the breech from me, if they thought I meant it as a token of my familiarity. When I am grave, they appear as dull as mutes at a funeral: when I smile, they grin like monkeys: when I tell a silly story, they chuckle over every ridiculous particular, and shake their sides in admiration of my wit. Sometimes I pretend to be short-sighted, and then not one of them sees farther than his nose. They swallow four wine, eat musty victuals, and are proud to ride in my old boots.

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I have been told of a certain prelate, who brought his chaplains to such a degree of servility, that after every deal at whist, they would ask him what he would chuse to have for trumps next deal? I keep my fellows in equal good order. They all think me a close old hunk; and, imagining that winning their money will put me in good humour with them, they practise all the arts of sharpening to cheat themselves. I have known them pack the cards at Whist, that I might hold all the four honours in my own hand: they will load the dice in my favour at Hazard; pocket themselves on purpose at Billiards; and at Bowls, if any one is near winning the game, he never fails in the next cast to mistake his bias. It is impossible for the most despotic monarch to be more absolute over his subjects, than I am over these slaves and sycophants. Yet, in spite of all their endeavours to oblige me, I most heartily despise them; and have already drawn up a will, in which I have bequeathed to each of them a shilling and a dog-collar.

But, though I have settled in my mind what legacies I shall leave to them, I have not thoroughly resolved in what manner I shall dispose of the bulk of my estate. Indeed, I am fully determined, like most other wealthy bachelors, either to leave my fortune to some ostentatious pious uses, or to persons whom I have never seen, and for whose characters I have not the least regard or esteem. To speak sincerely, ostentation carries away my whole heart: but then it is a little difficult to find out a new object to indulge my vanity, whilst I am on this side the grave; by securing to me a certain prospect of posthumous fame, which is always so agreeable to living pride.

The hospitals are so numerous, that my name will be lost among those more known and established of Guy, Morglen, Bancroft, and I know not who. Besides, in the space of four or five centuries, perhaps, it may be thought, notwithstanding my whole length picture and statue, that I had assistance from parliament. If I order my money to be laid out in churches, they will never be built; if in temples, gardens, lakes, obelisks, and serpentine rivers, the next generation of the sons of Taste will demolish all my works, turn my rounds into squares, and my squares into

rounds, and not leave even my bust, although it were cast in plaster of Paris by Mr. Ractrow, or worked up in wax by Mr. Goupy. Or supposing, in imitation of some of my predecessors, I were to bequeath my fortune to my housekeeper, and recommend her in my will as a pattern of virtue, diligence, and every good quality, what will be the effect? In three weeks after my death she will marry an Irishman, and I shall not even enjoy my monument and marble periwig in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing perplexes me so much as the disposal of my money by my last will and testament. While I am living it procures the most servile compliances with all my whims from my sycophants, and several other conveniencies: but I would fain buy fame with it after my death. Do but instruct me how I may lay it out in the most valuable purchases of this sort; only discover some new object of charity, and perhaps I may bequeath you a round sum of money for your advice.

I am, Sir, your humble seryant,

THOMAS VAINALL,

It is said by an old poet, that no man's life can be called happy or unhappy till his death; in like manner, I have often thought that no words or actions are a better comment on a person's temper and disposition, than his last will and testament. This is a true portraiture of himself, drawn at full length by his own hand, in which the painting is commonly very lively, and the features very strongly marked. In the discharge of this solemn act, people sign and seal themselves either wise and good characters, or villains and fools: and any person that makes a ridiculous will, and bequeaths his money to frivolous uses, only takes a great deal of pains, like Dogberry in the play, 'that he may be set down an ass.'

The love of fame governs our actions more universally than any other passion. All the rest gradually drop off, but this runs through our whole lives. This perhaps is one of the chief inducements that influences wealthy persons to bequeath their possessions to ostentatious uses; and they would as willingly lay out a considerable sum in buying a great name (if possible) at their deaths, as they would bestow it on the purchase of

a coat

a coat of heraldry, during their lives. They are pleased with leaving some memorial of their existence behind them, and to perpetuate the remembrance of themselves by the application of their money to some vain-glorious purposes; though the good gentlemen never did one act to make themselves remarkable, or laid out a single shilling in a laudable manner, while they lived. If an *Apotheosis* were to be bought, how many rich rogues would be deified after their deaths! not a plumb in the city but would purchase this imaginary godship as readily as he paid for his freedom at his first setting up; and I doubt not but this fantastical distinction would be more frequent on an escutcheon than a coronet.

The disposal of our fortunes by our last will should be considered as the discharge of a sacred trust, which we should endeavour to execute in a just manner; and as we have had the enjoyment of rich possessions, we ought carefully to provide that they may devolve to those who have the most natural claim to them. They who may first demand our favour, are those who are allied to us

by the ties of blood: next to these stand those persons to whom we are connected by friendship; and, next to our friends and relations, mankind in general. But the humanity of a testator will not be thought very extensive, though it reaches to posterity, or includes the poor in general, if it neglects the objects of charity immediately under his eye, or those individuals who have the best title to his benevolence. Virgil has placed those rich men, who bestowed none of their wealth on their relations, among the chief personages in his Hell. Wherefore I would advise my good correspondent, Mr. Vainall, first to consider whether he has not some poor relation starving perhaps in some distant part of the kingdom; after that let him look round, whether he has not some friends whom he may possibly relieve from misery and distress. But if he has no relation, nor any person in the world that has any regard for him, before he begins to endow a college, or found an hospital, I should take it as a particular favour if he would leave his money to me, and will promise to immortalize his memory in the *Connoisseur*.

N° CXXX. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

—LYRÆ SOLERS, ET CANTOR.—

HOR.

SWEET VIRTUOSA! WITH WHAT ART SHE SINGS,
WITH WHAT A GUSTO STRIKES THE TREMBLING STRINGS!

I Have just received the following letter from Lady Humkin, the musical consort of my late correspondent Sir Aaron. I shall not pretend to moderate in family disputes of so important a nature, but leave each party to speak for themselves.

MR. TOWN,

PRAY hear both sides fairly before you judge; for (to use the vulgar expression) 'one story is good till the other is told.' I am, Sir, the unfortunate wife of that inelegant (I had almost said insensible) husband, who, in your paper of the eighth instant, pronounces and publishes me to be mad, stark mad.

I confess and glory in my passion for music: and can there be a nobler or more generous one? My nerves are naturally strung to harmony, and va-

riously affected by the various combinations of the *Gamut*. Some stay in Italy added skill and taste in composition to my natural happy disposition to music; and the best judges, as well as the best performers in that country, allowed me to have an uncommon share of *virtù*. I both compose and perform, Sir: and though I say it, perhaps few even of the profession, possess the *contra-punto* and the *cromatic* better; and I have had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing my compositions and my performances dignified in Italy with the unanimous appellations of *squisito*, *divino*, and *adorevole*.

Is there any madness in this? Does not he better deserve that imputation whose breast is insensible and impenetrable to all the charms and powers of harmony? To be plain, I mean my husband; whom I have frequently seen

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yawn,

yawn, nay leave the room, in the middle of the most touching pathetic, sung by the most affecting Signora Mingotti, accompanied by the divine Signor di Giardino. And yet—pardon this digressive transport—how irresistible is the expression, the melody, the cadences, the *apogyraturas*, of that incomparable *virtuosa*! What energy, what delicacy, and what variety are in the inimitable compositions and execution of the charming Signor di Giardino! What an *arpeggio* he has, what a *flaccato*, what an *andante*! In short, I may, I am sure, with truth assert, that whether in the *allegro* or the *piano*, the *adagio*, the *largo*, or the *forte*, he never had his equal. Oh, Mr. Town, what an irretrievable loss has this country sustained! My good man, among his other qualifications, is a politician, you must know; and one of his principal objections against these *virtuosi* is, that they are foreigners. He flew into a violent passion with me last Sunday night, because I had a concert at my house, when, he said, such bad news were received from abroad. I know not what he, and other muddled-headed politicians, may think: but let him talk what he will of THE Blakey, THE Governor, THE Admiral, I am sure the nation cannot sustain a greater evil than the loss of THE Mingotti; who, as the public prints will inform you, 'is gone to Holland, till her affairs 'in England can be settled.'

But however gothic my husband may be, I am fully determined to discharge the duty of a good wife. Accordingly, whenever he comes into my room, I sit down to my harpsichord, and sing and play the most soothing pieces of music, in hopes some time or other of hitting his unison, but hitherto to no purpose; and to say the truth, I fear he has not one harmonic nerve in his whole system, though otherwise a man of good plain sense. When he interrupts my performances (as in his letter he owns that he does) with wishing for the men from Mother Midnights, with their wooden spoons, salt-boxes, Jew-harps, and broomsticks, to play in concert with me; I answer him with all the gentleness and calmness imaginable—'Indeed my dear, you have not the least notion of these things. It would be impossible to bring those ridiculous instruments into a concert, and to adopt a thorough bass to them: they have not

'above three notes at most, and those cannot be *sostenute*.'—'I wish, for all that,' answers he, 'that they were here: I should like them better than all your *Signors* and *Signoras*; and I am sure they would cost a great deal less.'

This article of *expense* he often dwells upon, and sometimes even with warmth, to which I reply, with all the mildness that becomes a good wife—'My dear, you have a good fortune of your own, and I brought you still a better. Of what use is money if not employed? And how can it be better employed than in encouraging and rewarding distinguished *gusto* and merit? These people whom you call ballad-singers and pipers, are people of birth, though for the most part of small fortunes, and they are much more considered, as you know, in Italy, than all the greatest ancient Roman heroes, if revived, would now be. They leave their own country, where they are so infinitely esteemed for their moral as well as their musical characters, and generously sacrifice all these advantages to our diversion. Besides, my dear, what should we do with our money? Would you lavish it away upon foundling bastards; lying-in-women, who have either no husbands or too many; importunate beggars, all whose cries and complaints are the most shocking discords? Or, suppose that we were to save our money, and leave our children better fortunes, who knows but they might, as too many do, squander them away idly? where, as what we give to these *virtuosi*, we know, is given to merit. For my own part, my dear, I have infinite pleasure when I can get any of them to accept of fifty or an hundred guineas; which, by the way, cannot always be brought about without some art and contrivance; for they are most exceedingly nice and delicate upon the point of honour, especially in the article of money. I look upon such trifling presents as a debt due to superior talents and merit: and I endeavour to insinuate them in a way that the receiver may not blush.' Here my husband breaks out into a violent passion, and says—'Oons, Madam, shew me a *virtuoso*, or a *virtuosa*, (as you call them) who ever blushed in their lives, and I will give them the

see-simple of my estate.' You see, Mr. Town, what a strange man he is, that he has no idea of elegance and *disvertimenti*; and when he is so violently in *alt*, I will leave you to judge who it is that is mad, stark mad.

In short, Sir, my husband is insensible, untuneable to the most noble, generous, and strongest of all human passions, a passion for music. That divine passion alone engrosses the whole soul,

and leaves no room for lesser and vulgar cares; for you must certainly have observed, Mr Town, that whoever has a passion for, and a thorough knowledge of music, is fit for no one other thing. Thus truly informed of my case, I am sure you will judge equitably between Sir Aaron and your very humble servant,

MARIA HUMKIN.

N^o CXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

INTER
PERFECTOS VETERESQUE REFERRI DEBET, AN INTER
VILES ATQUE NOVOS? ————— HOR.

HERE THE WISE YOUTH IS DEEM'D A REVEREND SAGE;
AND SHARES THE HONOURS OF GREY HAIRS AND AGE;
TH' OLD DOTARD HERE, WHOM CHILDISH PASSIONS RULE,
TAKES HIS DUE NAME, AN INFANT AND A FOOL.

NO other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family, from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself will perhaps die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute ideots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all

pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and Bob Majors as the Boys of Christ-Church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding of his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhimer, of which he is now no bad emblem; and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence,

Diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a Gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by Indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved, and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out — 'I have lost a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days

shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost? and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man, four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish that in every parish several acres were marked out for a new and spacious Burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with 'Ob. Ann. *Ætatis* 80,' would be a nobler eulogium than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a Burying-ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of survivors, which would certainly point out the most brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps see some inscriptions not much unlike the following.

'Here lie the remains of a celebrated Beauty, aged 50, who died in her fifth year. She was born in her eighteenth year, and was untimely killed by the small-pox in her twenty-third.'

'Here rests, in eternal sleep, the mortal part of L. B. a Free-thinker, aged 88, an Infant. He came into the world by chance in the year —, and was annihilated in the first year of his age.'

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Here continue to rot the bones of a noted Buck, an embryo, which never shewed any signs of life; but after twenty-three years was so totally putrified, that it could not be kept above ground any longer.

Here lies the swollen carcase of a Boon Companion, who was born in a dropfy in his 40th year. He lingered in this condition, till he was obliged to be tapped; when he relapsed into his former condition, and died in the second year of his age, and twenty-third of his drinking.

Here lies Isaac Da Costa, a convert from Judaism, aged 64. He was born and christened in his sixty-first year, and died in the true Faith in the third year of his age.

Here is deposited the body of the celebrated Beau Tawdry, who was born at court in the year —, on a Birthright, and died of grief in his second year, upon the court's going into mourning.

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N^o CXXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1756.

ODI PROFANUM VULGUS ET ARCEO.

HOR.

I HATE THE VULGAR; NOR WILL CONDESCEND
TO CALL A FOUL-MOUTH'D HANDICRAFTSMAN FRIEND.

I Know not any greater misfortune that can happen to a young fellow, at his first setting out in life, than his falling into Low Company. He that sinks to a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and, though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again. He will also inevitable contract a mean air, and an illiberal disposition; and you can no more give him an ingenuous turn of mind, by a sudden introduction to genteel company, than you can make an apprentice a fine gentleman, by dressing him in embroidery: though experience teaches us, that the mind is, unhappily, sooner distorted than reformed; and a gentleman will as readily catch the manners of the vulgar, by mixing with such mean associates, as he would daub his cloaths with soot, by running against a chimney-sweeper.

A propensity to low company is owing, either to an original meanness of spirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly arising from both the fore-mentioned causes. Those who are naturally of a grovelling disposition, shew it even at school, by chusing their playfellows from the scum of the class; and are never so happy as when they can steal down to romp with the servants in the kitchen. They have

no emulation in them: they entertain none of that decent pride, which is so essential a requisite in all characters; and the total absence of which, in a boy, is a certain indication that his riper age will be contemptible. I remember a young fellow of this cast, who, by his early attachment to Low Company, gave up all the advantages of a good family and ample fortune. He not only lost all his natural interest in the county where his estate was situated, but was not honoured with the acquaintance of one gentleman in it. He lived, indeed, chiefly in town, and at an expence sufficient to have maintained him among those of the first rank; but he was so perpetually surrounded with men of the lowest character, that people of fashion, or even those of much inferior fortune, would have thought it infamous to be seen with him. All the while, he was reckoned, by his associates, to be a mighty good-natured gentleman, and without the least bit of pride in him.

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder, that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy well-

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well-educated, cherish this ill-placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of The Gentleman: while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes, indeed, it happens, that a person of genius and learning will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house or cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel in the very fact, of reading his verses to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few who have been led into Low Company, merely from an affectation of Humour; and, from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and allies. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself: and is now become almost as low a character as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in the morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew Fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practised, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then had the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother-whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is

a match even for the natives of Essex or Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged in the Artillery Ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket, and is himself esteemed as good at Bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the air and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths, and expressive dialect; which recommend him as a man of excellent humour and *high fun*, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's Court, or at the meetings of the Sons of Sound Sense and Satisfaction. He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These, and other like accomplishments, frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious Societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of Humour even in his amours; and is well known to every street-walker between Charing Cross and Cheapside. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet Ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier, for engaging with his trull in St. James's Park. The last time I saw him, he was laid up with two black eyes and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night cellar.

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N^o CXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

SEX HORAS SOMNO, TOTIDEM DES LEGIBUS ÆQUIS;

QUATUOR ORABIS, DES EPULISQUE DUAS.

QUOD SUPEREST, ULTRO SACRIS LARGIRE CAMENIS*.

Co. LITT.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

MIDDLE TEMPLE.

IF we look into the several inns of court, the professed students of the law compose a very numerous body: but if we afterwards turn our eyes on those few who are employed in exercising their talents in Westminster Hall, this prodigious army of lawyers shrinks to a very thin and inconsiderable corps. Thousands, it seems, are disgusted with the unpleasing dryness of the study, as it is now managed, and conceive an unconquerable aversion to the white leaves and the old black letter. This early dislike to legal inquiries certainly proceeds from the fatal mistakes in the plan of study hitherto recommended. According to all systems now extant, it is absolutely impossible to be at once a lawyer and a fine gentleman. Seeing with concern the many evils arising from these erroneous principles, I have at length devised a method to remedy all these inconveniencies; a method now very successfully practised by several young gentlemen. Wherefore I must beg leave to submit my thoughts to the public by means of your paper, and to chalk out the outlines of a treatise, now ready for the press, intitled, *The Compleat Barrister*; or, *a New Institute of the Laws of England*.

My Lord Coke prescribes to our student to follow the advice given in the ancient verses prefixed to this letter, for the good spending of the day: 'Six hours to sleep, six to the study of the law, four to prayer, two to meals, and the rest to the Muses.' But what an absurd and unfashionable distribution of the four-and-twenty hours! I will venture a thousand pounds to a shilling, that not one student in the kingdom divides his time in this manner. Here is not a single word of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, or other

public diversions; not to mention, that nobody but a methodist would ever think of praying four hours; and that it would be impossible, though we were content with snapping up a chop every day at Betty's, to dispatch even dinner in two. How then shall we reconcile these precepts, scarce practicable by an hermit, to the life of a young gentleman, who keeps the best company; or how can these rules for severe application be made consistent with the practice of those, who divide their whole time between eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusements? Well knowing that the volatile dispositions of the young gentlemen of the present age can never submit the ordering of their lives to any prescribed rules, I have endeavoured to square my precepts to their lives; and have so contrived the matter, that amidst the keenest pursuit of their pleasures, they shall be engaged in the most improving course of the law.

As laws are chiefly nothing else but rules of action, what can be more cruel and absurd, than to coup up a brisk young man, to learn, in his chambers, what he can so much better teach himself by going abroad into the world? I propose to dole gentlemen with study, as Dr. Rock does with physic, to be taken at home or abroad, without loss of time or hindrance of business. This, I am convinced, is not only the best method, but also the only scheme which several inhabitants of the inns of court would ever follow. I shall not at present forestall the contents of my treatise, by presenting you with a dry abstract of it; but rather endeavour to give you an idea of the spirit and manner in which it is written, by delineating the plan diligently pursued by one of my favourite pupils: and I cannot but congratulate the bar, that so many young men, instead of blinding their eyes and bewildering their understandings with Coke,

* See the translation in the body of the paper.

Plowden, Salkeld, &c. have sense enough to follow the same course of study.

Tom Riot, the principal ornament of my class of students, was sent to the Temple, not with any intention that he should become a great lawyer, but merely because, for a few years, his father did not know how to dispose of him otherwise: but so unwearied has been his application to the new method, that his father and the rest of his friends will, I doubt not, be surprized at his wonderful proficiency. As nothing is of more consequence to those gentlemen, who intend to harangue at the bar, than the acquiring a ready elocution, and an easy habit of delivering their thoughts in public, to this I pay particular attention. For this purpose, I advised him to a diligent attendance on the theatres; and I assure you, Mr. Town, he never fails to take notes at a new play, and seldom or never misses appearing at one house or the other, in the green boxes. He has also gathered many beautiful flowers of rhetoric, unblown upon by all other orators ancient or modern, from the Robin Hood Society; and at the same place he has collected the strongest arguments on every subject, and habituated himself to modes of reasoning never hitherto introduced into courts of justice. But what has been of more than ordinary service to him, and is particularly recommended by Lord Coke himself, who calls 'conference the life of study,' is his so frequent attendance at George's, and the other coffee-houses about the Temple, where every student has so many opportunities of benefiting himself by daily conversation with counsellors, attornies, clerks to attornies, and other sages of the law.

The law is intended to take cognizance of all our actions; wherefore my pupil, who is fond of exerting his faculties in polite life, has already digested almost all the grand leading points of the law into a journal of his transactions, which I shall lay before my readers at large in my treatise, as the best method for a common-place book. Thus, for instance, having been frequently employed, after leaving the Shakespeare, in what is called *beating the rounds*, it has happened to him to be taken into custody by the magistrate of the night, and carried the next morning before a

justice; by which means he has attained as full a knowledge of certain parts of the duty of a constable and justice of peace, as could be collected from Dalton, Blackerby, or Burn. Certain impertinences of his taylor and other tradesmen have given him a clear notion of the laws of arrest, and been of as much service to him as the best treatises on bail and mainprize. Besides which, the several sums of money which he has taken up at different times, payable on his father's death, have opened to him some difficult points in conveyancing, by teaching him the nature of bonds, deeds, &c. and have at the same time shown him what Lord Coke calls 'the amiable and admirable secrets of the common law,' by unravelling to him the intricate doctrines of reversion and remainder, as well as the general nature of estates. Thus he is continually improving; and whenever he shall happen to commit a rape or a genteel murder, it will serve him for matter of instruction, as well as any history of the pleas of the crown, and give him an insight into the nature of the practice and extent of the jurisdiction of our courts of justice.

By this plan of study no time is lost; so that, while other students are idling away their vacation in the country, my pupil is daily improving there. As he is a member of the association, he is very conversant in all the laws enacted for the preservation of the game; and he picks up all the learning of the circuit, by dancing at the balls at the assizes. As his father has a place, he is employed in canvassing for votes at the time of an election, which instructs him in all the points of law touching those matters. He was principally concerned in discovering the Customary Tenants, that new species of freeholders unknown to Littleton, Coke, and all the lawyers of antiquity: and he is so intimately acquainted with all the doctrine contained in the several clauses of the bribery act, that I propose publishing in the body of my treatise, 'Les Reaings del Mon Seigneur RIOT Sur L'Estatute de 2 Geo. II. &c.'

By this time, Mr. Town, you must perceive, that the ground of my scheme is, in short, no more than this, viz. that the student should regard his life as a kind of commentary on the law, as it is recommended to the clergy to be-

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same examples of the doctrine they teach. Or, to bring my illustration more home to these gentlemen, let them learn the law by being occasionally interested in different parts of it; as they become in some measure doctors of physic from frequent need of it, and can cure themselves in certain cases, as well as Rock himself. Instead of poring over books, a gentleman need only observe, how far the law and his actions tally with each other; and as it is said by Lord Coke, 'that the knowledge of the law is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding'; so, in pursuance of my plan, the student will improve according to the eagerness with which he engages in his pleasures: and this, no doubt, was intended by Lord Coke, as it is the most obvious interpretation of his words, when he concludes the comparison by saying, that 'when the professor of the law can dive into the depth, it is *delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen*, so long as he keeps himself *in his own proper element*.'

What plan, Mr. Town, can be more

delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, than Institutes of this nature? I have indeed often looked with concern upon those unhappy gentlemen, who have impaired their health by the old method of study, and considered them as martyrs to huge volumes of reports and statutes at large: my pupils will be in no danger of these misfortunes. It is recorded of an eminent counsellor, of the North family, (who, being one of the ablest practitioners at the bar, was overloaded with business,) that sometimes chusing to retire a while from hurry and perplexity, he would say to his clerk—'Tell the people I do not practise this term.' This proper relaxation I always recommend to my pupils, and have some reason to think they are prudent enough to embrace it; for, as I am acquainted with several students on the new plan, and do not remember to have seen them doing any business in the courts for some time, I suppose they had given notice to their clerks 'to tell the people that they did not practise in those terms.' I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W

IGNORAMUS.

N^o CXXXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1756.

DELICTA MAJORUM IMMERITUS LUES,
ROMANE, DONEC TEMPLA REFEKERIS
ÆDESQUE LABENTES DEORUM, ET
FORDA NIGRO SIMULACRA SUMO.

HOR.

THE TOTT'RING TOW'ER AND MOULD'RING WALLS REPAIR,
AND FILL WITH DECENCY THE HOUSE OF PRAY'R:
QUICK TO THE NEEDY CURATE BRING RELIEF,
AND DECK THE PARISH-CHURCH WITHOUT A BRIEF.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE country at present, no less than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I begun to despair of picking up any intelligence that might possibly be entertaining to your readers. However, I have lately visited some of the most distant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance: I shall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the seats we saw according to the modern taste; but proceed to give you some reflections, which occurred to us on observing several

country churches, and the behaviour of their congregations.

The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence; and I could not help wishing, that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements, by inclosing his gooseberry-bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half an acre of his glebe-land into a bowling green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpose of sheltering his parishioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine service: It is no uncommon thing to see the parsonage-house well thatched, and in exceeding good repair, while the church

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perhaps

perhaps has scarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noise of owls, bats, and magpies, makes the principal part of the church-music in many of these ancient edifices; and the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories, by the various colours by which the damp has stained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to support the steeple any longer, it has been expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden shed on the ground beside it. This is the case in a parish in Norfolk, through which I lately passed, and where the clerk and the sexton, like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, serve the bells in capacity of clappers, by striking them alternately with an hammer.

In other churches I have observed, that nothing unseemly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his person. The squire of the parish, or his ancestors perhaps, to testify their devotion, and leave a lasting monument of their magnificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat; and have dressed up the pulpit with the same splendor and expence; while the gentleman, who fills it, is exalted, in the midst of all this finery, with a surplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a periwig that seems to have transferred it's faculty of curling to the band, which appears in full buckle beneath it.

But if I was concerned to see several distressed pastors, as well as many of our country churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the indecency of worship in others. I could wish that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occasion to scream themselves hoarse in making the responses; that the town-crier is not the only person qualified to pray with due devotion; and that he who bawls the loudest may, nevertheless, be the wickedest fellow in the parish. The old women too in the aisle might be told, that their time would be better employed in attending to the sermon, than in fumbling over their tattered testaments till they have found the text; by which time the discourse is near drawing to a conclusion; while a word or two of instruction might not be thrown away

upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them that making noises in summer time, and cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

The good old practice of psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches since the days of Steinheld and Hopkins; and there is scarce a parish-clerk, who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places, where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the psalm at the end of their prayer-books; while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick obstinately to the Old Version as to the Old Stile. The tunes themselves have also been new-set to jiggyish measures; and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the two first staves of the hundredth psalm, with the *gloria patri*, is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air. For this purpose there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal musicians, who make it their business to go round to all the churches in their turns, and, after a prelude with the pitch-pipe, astonish the audience with hymns set to the new Winchester measure, and authors of their own composing. As these new-fashioned psalmodists are necessarily made up of young men and maids, we may naturally suppose, that there is a perfect concord and symphony between them: and, indeed, I have known it happen, that these sweet fingers have more than once been brought into disgrace, by too close an unison between the thorough-bass and the treble.

It is a difficult matter to decide, which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church, the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, where the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every Sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church-door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an *Amen*, or usher in the sermon with a stave; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing god-father to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church, than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the Squire; who, like

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like the King, may be stiled Head of the Church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion: or, if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday sees of roast beef and plumb pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the Squire's command as his dogs and horses. For this reason the bell is often kept tolling, and the people waiting in the church-yard, an hour longer than the usual time; nor must the service begin till the Squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the Squire, as formerly by the hour-glass: and I know one parish where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the Squire gives the signal, by rising up after his nap.

In a village church, the Squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females that are stared at for their finery: but in the larger cities and towns, where the newest fashions are brought down weekly by the stage-coach or waggon, all the wives and daughters of the most topping tradesmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even trace their gradations in their dress, according to the opulence, the extent, and the distance of the place from London. I was at church in a populous city in the North, where the mace-bearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayoreis, who came sidling after him in an enormous fan-

hoop, of a pattern which had never been seen before in those parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I saw several Negligees, with furbelowed aprons, which had long disputed the prize of superiority: but these were most woefully eclipsed by a burges's daughter, just come from London, who appeared in a Trolloppe or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gyped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons. In some lesser borough towns, the contest, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons: at one, a grocer's wife attracted our eyes, by a new-fashioned cap, called a Joan; and, at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter in a Nun's Hood.

I need not say any thing of the behaviour of the congregations in these more polite places of religious resort; as the same genteel ceremonies are practised there, as at the most fashionable churches in town. The ladies, immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-sticks, and the beaux very gravely address themselves to the Haberdashers Bills, glewed upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no sooner performed, than the exercise of bowing and curtsying succeeds: the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice at the beginning of the service; and the rustling of silks, added to the whispering and tittering of so much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

T

Nº CXXXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1756.

VOS SATERE, ET SOLOS AIO BENE VIVERE, QUORUM
CONSPICITUR NITIDIS FUNDATA PECUNIA VILLIS.

Hon.

O CIT THIRCK HAPPY, THAT CANST RANGE
TO BOW OR CLAPHAM FROM THE 'CHANCE;
IN WHOSE SPRUCE VILLA IS DISPLAY'D
THE PLUMB, THOU HAST ACQUIR'D BY TRADE!

I Am sorry to have provoked the resentment of many of our present poets by rejecting their compositions; which, as they abounded in high-flown metaphors and compound epithets, were, I feared, too sublime for my humble

province of plain prose. I have found, that the same poetical genius, which could soar to an Ode, can be whetted to a most cutting Satire against me and my works: and one in particular has poured forth his whole wrach upon me

in an *Acrostic*. But I need not offer any apology for laying the following verses before the public, which may be considered as a supplement to a former paper on the like subject. The easy elegance which runs through the whole, will readily distinguish them to come from the same hand that has more than once obliged us in the course of this undertaking.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,

Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side
Sits Madam, his unwickledly bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em;
And out they jog in due decorum,
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees;
Admires it's views, it's situation;
And thus she opens her oration.

‘What signify the loads of wealth,
‘Without that richest jewel, health?
‘Excuse the fondness of a wife,
‘Who doats upon your precious life!
‘Such ceaseless toils, such constant care,
‘Is more than human strength can bear:
‘One may observe it in your face—
‘Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
‘And nothing can your health repair,
‘But exercise and country air.
‘Sir Traffick has an house, you know,
‘About a mile from Cheney Row:
‘He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
‘But not so warm, my dear, as you:
‘And folks are always apt to sneer—
‘One would not be outdone, my dear.’

Sir Traffick's name, so well apply'd,
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride:
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And, by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have an house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fufs of moving over:
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
‘Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
‘It is a charming spot of ground:
‘So sweet a distance for a ride,
‘And all about so *countryfy'd*!
‘’Twould come but to a trifling price,
‘To make it quite a paradise.
‘I cannot bear those nasty rails,
‘Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
‘Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
‘We build a railing all Chinese.
‘Although one hates to be expos'd,
‘’Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd:
‘One hardly any object sees—
‘I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
‘Objects continual passing by
‘Were something to amuse the eye:
‘But to be pent within the walls—
‘One might as well be at St. Paul's,
‘Our house beholders would adore,
‘Was there a level lawn before;
‘Nothing it's views to incommode,
‘But quite laid open to the road:
‘While ev'ry trav'ler, in amaze,
‘Shou'd on our little mansion gaze,
‘And, pointing to the choice retreat,
‘Cry—“That's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.”

No doubt, her arguments prevail;
For Madam's **TASTE** can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, *Goût*,
Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-sai-quoi*, *Virtu*;
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon.
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water four feet wide;
With angle, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where Taste would want it's first great law,
But for the skulking fly *Ha-be*;

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By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance,
And now from Hyde Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens and of Rome:
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;

And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The Villa, thus completely grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a Taste:
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With Common-councillmen by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

N^o CXXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1756.

—HOMINEM PAGINA NOSTRA SAPIT.

MART,

TO PAINT MANKIND, OUR SOLE PRETENCE;
AND ALL OUR WISDOM, COMMON SENSE.

WE, whose business it is to write loose essays, and who never talk above a quarter of an hour together on any one subject, are not expected to enter into philosophical distinctions, or engage in abstract speculations; but it is supposed to be our principal aim to amuse and instruct the reader, by a lively representation of what passes round about him. Thus, like those painters who delineate the scenes of familiar life, we sometimes give a sketch of a Marriage *à-la-mode*, sometimes draw the outlines of a Modern Midnight Conversation, at another time paint the comical distresses of itinerant Tragedians in a barn, and at another give a full draught of the Rake or Harlot's Progress. Sometimes we divert the public by exhibiting single portraits; and when we meet with a subject, where the features are strongly marked by nature, and there is something peculiarly characteristic in the whole manner, we employ ourselves in drawing the piece at full length. In a word, we consider all mankind as sitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embellish them with beautiful colouring; and though perhaps they are not always highly finished, yet they seldom fail of pleasing some few, at least, of the vast multitude of Critics and Connoisseurs, if we are so happy as to hit off a striking likeness.

There is perhaps no knowledge more requisite, and certainly none at present more ardently sought after, than the Knowledge of the World. In this science we are more particularly expected to be adepts, as well as to initiate, or at least improve our readers in it. And though

this knowledge cannot be collected together from books; yet, as Pope says, 'Men may be read, as well as books, too much;' and it is to be lamented, that many, who have only consulted the volume of life as it lay open before them, have rather become worse, than better, by their studies. They who have lived wholly in the world, without regarding the comments on it, are generally tainted with all its vices; to which the gathering part of their instructions from books would perhaps have proved an antidote. There, indeed, though they would have seen the faults and foibles of mankind fairly represented, yet vice would appear in an odious, and virtue in an amiable, light: but those who, unwarned, go abroad into the world, are often dazzled by the splendour with which wealth gilds vice and infamy; and, being accustomed to see bare-foot honesty treated with scorn, are themselves induced to consider it as contemptible. For this reason, I am a good deal offended at the ingenious contrivance of our modern novelists and writers of comedy, who often gloss over a villainous character with the same false varnish that lackers so many scoundrels in real life; and while they are exhibiting a fellow who debauches your daughter, or lies with your wife, represent him as an agreeable creature, a man of gallantry, and a fine gentleman.

The world, even the gayest part of it, may be painted like itself, and yet become a lesson of instruction. The pieces of Hogarth—to recur to the illustration I first made use of—are faithful delineations of certain scenes of life, and yet vice and folly always appear odious

odious and contemptible. I could wish it were possible to learn the Knowledge of the World, without being 'hackneyed in the ways of men'; but as that is impracticable, it is still our duty so to live in it, as to avoid being corrupted by our intercourse with mankind. We should endeavour to guard against fraud, without becoming ourselves deceitful; and to see every species of vice and folly practised round about us, without growing knaves and fools. The villainy of others is but a poor excuse for the loss of our own integrity: and though, indeed, if I am attacked on Hounslow Heath, I may lawfully kill the highwayman in my own defence; yet I should be very deservedly brought to the gallows, if I took a purse from the next person I met, because I had been robbed myself.

The Knowledge of the World, as it is generally used and understood, consists not so much in a due reflection on its vices and follies, as in the practice of them; and those who consider themselves as best acquainted with it, are either the dupes of fashion, or slaves of interest. It is also supposed to lie within the narrow compass of every man's own sphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different stations. Thus,

for instance, the man of fashion seeks it no where but in the polite circle of the *beau monde*; while the man of business looks no farther for it than the Alley. I shall beg leave to illustrate this, by concluding my paper with a description of two characters; each of whom, though diametrically opposite to the other, has acquired a thorough Knowledge of the World.

Sir Harry Flash had the good luck to be born before his brother Richard; consequently, the heir to the estate was bred a gentleman, and the other condemned to plod in the dull drudgery of business. The merchant was sent to learn accounts at the Academy upon Tower Hill, and the baronet had the finishing of his education in France. Sir Harry is now a most accomplished fine gentleman, is an excellent judge of fashions, and can calculate the odds at any game, as readily as Hoyle or Demoyre: the Alderman is the most knowing man upon 'Change, and understands the rise and fall of Stocks better than any Jew. Both of them know the world; but with this difference, that one by his consummate knowledge has run out a large estate, while the other has raised a plumb by it. O

N^o CXXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1756.

HUNC COMEDENDUM ET DERIDENDUM VOEBI PROFINO.

TER.

TO ALL HIS GUESTS A JOKE, THE GLUTTON LORD
SEEMS THE JACK-PUDDING OF HIS OWN RICH BOARD.

TO MR. TOWN.

WHAT cloying meat is love;
'when matrimony is the
'sauce to it!' says Sir John Brute.
But if, he had been married to such an
Epicurean consort as I am joined with,
those expressions, that savour of the
kitchen, would have been real, instead
of metaphorical. We live in a land
really flowing with milk and honey, and
keep an house of entertainment for all
comers and goers. We hardly ever sit
down to table less in number than twenty
or thirty, and very often to above
double that number of dithes. In short,
Sir, so much feasting has given me a
surfeit.

There are, I see, scattered up and
down your papers, several accounts of
the petty distresses and domestic concerns
of private families. As you have list-
ened to many complaints from husbands,
I flatter myself, you will not refuse your
attention to the humble remonstrance of
a wife: being assured, that my only
reason for thus serving up my dear lord
as a new dish to gratify the public taste,
is to check (if possible) his violent pas-
sion for giving his friends entertain-
ments of another kind; which, if in-
dulged much longer, must eat us out of
house and home.

The magnificent feasts of Timon of
Athens, or the stories of old English
Hospitality, would give you but a faint
idea

idea of the perpetual riot and luxury of our family. Our house is always stored with as large a quantity of provisions, as a garrison in expectation of a siege, and those too of the dearest and most extravagant kind. Ortolans and woodcocks are as common as sparrows, and red mullets are scarce a greater rarity with us than gudgeons or sprats; while turtle and venison are regarded as branches of citizen-luxury, which scarce deserve notice among the many other delicacies in which we abound. Authors, they say—you will pardon me, Mr. Town—are seldom admitted to great entertainments; and I can assure you, that it is not easy for any, but those who are present, to conceive the parade and extravagance displayed in our house. I myself am condemned to sit at the head of the table, while my lord is placed at the other end, in pain and uneasiness at my awkward mistakes in *doing the honours*. You must know, Sir, that I was bred up under an housewifely aunt in the country, who taught me to pickle and preserve, and gave me, as I thought, a tolerable notion of cookery. But, alas! though I understood plain boiled and roast, and have a very good notion of a pudding, I am often totally ignorant of the names and compositions of the delicacies before me, and have imagined fish to be fowl, and mistaken a *petit pâtée* for a plebeian mince-pie. In the mean time, my lord is displaying his exquisite taste, by deciding upon every dish, and pronouncing, with a critical snack, upon the flavour of the wines; all the while not a little solicitous about the exactness of the Removes, and the duly adjusting the *entremets*. Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne abound, like ale or small-beer; and even Hermitage and Tokay are swallowed with as little remorse as Port or Lisbon. To add to all this, is most absurdly introduced the French custom of serving in *les Liqueurs*; which consist of almost as many sorts, as are contained in the advertisements from the Rich Cordial Warehouse. In a word, every common dinner with us is a feast; and when we have what my lord calls an entertainment, it is an absolute debauch.

But there is no part of this monstrous expence affects me so much as the vast sums ridiculously lavished on a Desert. This piece of folly and extravagance could be nothing but the joint project

of a Frenchman and a confectioner. After the gratification of the appetite with more substantial fare, this whipt-syllabub raree-shew is served up chiefly to feed the eye, not but that the materials of which the desert is composed, are as expensive as the several ingredients in the dinner; and I will leave you to your own method of rating the rest, after telling you that my lord thinks himself an excellent economist, by having reduced the expence of the Hot-house to a thousand *per annum*, which perhaps the admirers of exotic fruits will not think dear, since we have pine-apples in as great plenty as golden-pippins or nonpareils.

One would think that the first requisite in eating was extravagance; and that, in order to have any thing very good, it must be produced at a time when it is out of season. Therefore one of the principal uses of our Hot-house is to invert the order of nature, and to turn winter into summer. We should be ashamed to see pease upon our table while they are to be had at a common market; but we never spare any cost to provide a good crop, by the assistance of our hot-beds, at Christmas. We have no relish for cucumbers during the summer months, when they are no rarity; but we take care to have them forced in November. But my lord mostly prides himself on the improvements that he has made in his Mushroom-beds; which he has at length brought to so great perfection, that by the help of horse dung, and throwing artificial sun-beams through a burning-glass, we can raise any quantity of Mushrooms, of the right Italian kind, at two hours warning.

From the Hot-house we may make a very natural transition to the Kitchen; and as in the former every thing must be produced out of season, so every thing in the latter must undergo a strange metamorphosis. The ordinary distinctions of fish, flesh, and fowl, are quite destroyed; and nothing comes upon table under its proper form and appellation. It is impossible to conceive what vast sums are melted down into sauces! We have a cargo of hams every year from Westphalia, only to extract the Essence of them for our soups. Half a dozen turkies have been killed in one day, merely for the sake of the pinions; I have known a whole pond dragged, to furnish

furnish a dish of Carp's Palates; and ten legs of mutton mangled raw, to make out a dith of Pope's Eyes.

The concomitant charges of the cellar, you will imagine, are no less extravagant; and, indeed, it is not enough, that we abound in the best French and Italian wines—which, by the bye, are purchased on the spot at an extraordinary price—but we must have several other kinds of the highest value, and consequently of the most delicious flavour; and though but a taste of each has been sipped round by the company, the same bottles must never be brought a second time upon the table, but are secured as perquisites by the butler, who sells them to the merchant, who sells them back again to my lord. Besides these, his lordship has lately been at an immense charge in raising a Pinery, in order to try the experiment of making Cyder of Pine-apples; which he hopes to do at little more than treble the expence of Champagne. To this article I might also add the charge of his Ice-houses; for although these are stored with an home-commodity, originally of no value; yet I may venture to say, that every drop of water comes as dear to us, as the most costly of our wines.

As all our liquors, I have told you, are of foreign growth, and all our dishes distinguished by foreign titles, you will readily conceive, that our household is chiefly composed of foreigners. The *Maitre d'hôtel* is a Frenchman: the

butler out of livery, and his two under-butlers, are Frenchmen: the clerk of the kitchen is a Frenchman: and Monsieur Fricando, the head cook, to be sure, is a Frenchman. This gentleman never soils his fingers in touching the least bit of any thing; but gives his orders (like a general) to four subalterns, who are likewise Frenchmen. The baker, the confectioner, the very scullions, and even the fellow that looks after the poultry, are all of them Frenchmen. These, you may be sure, are maintained at very high salaries: and though Monsieur Fricando had the pay of a captain in a marching regiment, my lord was forced to double his wages at the beginning of the war, and allow him the free exercise of his religion, to prevent his leaving the kingdom.

I am sorry to add, that this pride of keeping a table has visibly impaired my lord's fortunes; and this very summer he has been obliged to sell all the timber on his estate, as I may say, to keep up his kitchen fire. The only satisfaction which he can possibly reap from all this expence, is the vanity of having it said, that nobody treats so elegantly as his lordship; and now and then, perhaps, reading in the news-papers, that such a day the right honourable — gave a grand entertainment at his house in —, at which were present the principal officers of state and foreign ministers. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

N^o CXXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1756.

SERVATA SEMPER LEGE ET RATIONE LOQUENDI.

JUV.

YOUR TALK TO DECENCY AND REASON SUIT,
NOT PRATE LIKE FOOLS, OR GABBLE LIKE A BRUTE.

IN the comedy of the Frenchman in London, which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of—'How do you do? How do you do?' Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other

hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops very soon; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a valet

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de chambre. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; inasmuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for the present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of Whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those, who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot the mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display their absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they start with a shrug, and contradict with a winking of the neck; are angry with a pouting mouth, and pleased in a caper or

a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking Harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb shew with their own person in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that—like bad painters—they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the Emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe—as it were—the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert: and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding-brass; the Bawler, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the 'soft parts of conversation,' and sweetly prattling

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out

out of fashion, make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue: but from a rough manly voice and coarse feature, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from an Hurdy-Gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-Swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fsh* and *dennuee*; the Gothic Hum-buggers, and those who nick-name 'God's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always *wondering* what o'clock it is, or *wondering* whether it will rain or no, or *wondering* when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and tother*; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold; and literally observe the precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only *yea yea*, and *ay nay*.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though

without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood notes, as any *Signor* or *Signora* for an Italian Air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants in High German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs; Snarlors are Curs; and the Spitfire Fissionate are a sort of wild Cats, that will not bear stroaking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckows. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Asses: Critics in general are venomous Serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies. I myself, who have crowded to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dunghill Cock: but as I must acquaint them, that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments.

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N^O CXXXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1756.SOME SUPERBAM
QUXITAM MERITIS

HOR.

NOW TO THE UTMOST ALL YOUR LABOURS CHARGE,
AND SHew YOUR MIGHTY CONSEQUENCE AT LAEGE.

I Wrote to my cousin Village, inform-
ing him of my design to finish with
the next number; and have received the
following answer from him, which I
shall lay before my readers.

DEAR COUSIN,

I was not without some regret that I
received advice of your intentions to
bid adieu to the public; for, as you had
been so kind as to introduce me to their
notice, I began to indulge all the weak-
nesses and vanity of a young author; and
had almost persuaded myself, that I was
the principal support of your papers.
Conscious of my own importance, I ex-
pect that you will do me the justice to
acknowledge, how much you are in-
debted to the assistance of your very
ingenious Cousin; and I care not how
many compliments you pay me on my
wit and learning; but at the same time I
must beg leave to put in a caveat against
your disposing of me in what manner
you yourself please. Writers of essays
think themselves at liberty to do what
they will with the characters, they have
introduced into their works; as writers
of tragedy, in order to heighten the plot,
have often brought their heroes to an
untimely end, when they have died
quietly many years before in their beds;
or as our chronicles of daily occurrences
put a duke to death, give away an heiress
in marriage, or shoot off an admiral's
leg, whenever they please. Mr. Ad-
dison, while he was carrying on the
Spectator, said—'He would kill Sir
'Roger de Coverley, that nobody else
'might murder him.' In like manner,
my dear Cousin, you may perhaps take
it into your head to cut me off; you may
make an end of me by a cold draught in
partridge shooting, or break my neck
in a stag-hunt. Or you may rather
chuse to settle me: perhaps with a rich old
country dowager; or press me into the
army, or clap me on board of a man of
war. But I desire that you will not get

rid of me by any of these means; but
permit me to assure your readers, that
I am alive and merry; and this is to let
them know that I am in good health at
this present writing.

Your papers, I assure you, have made
a great noise in the country, and the
most intelligent among us read you with
as much satisfaction as the Evening Post,
or the Weekly Journals. I know more
than one squire, who takes them in con-
stantly with the Magazines; and I was
told by the post-master of a certain town,
that they came down every week, under
cover, to the butler of a member of par-
liament. There is a club of country
parsons, who meet every Saturday at a
neighbouring market-town, to be shaved
and exchange sermons: they have a sub-
scription for books and pamphlets; and
the only periodical works ordered in by
them are the Connoisseur, and the Cri-
tical and Monthly Reviews. I was lar-
ely introduced to this society, when the
conversation happened to turn upon Mr.
Town. A young curate, just come
from Oxford, said he knew you very
well at Christ Church, and that you was
a comical dog: but a Cantab. declared,
no less positively, that you was either a
pensioner of Trinity, or a fellow of
Bennet College. People, indeed, are
very much perplexed about the real au-
thor: some affirm, that you are a noble-
man; and others will have it, that you
are an actor: some say you are a young
lawyer, some a physician, some a par-
son, and some an old woman.

The subjects of your papers have of-
ten been wrested to various interpreta-
tions by our penetrating geniuses; and
you have hardly drawn a character, that
has not been fixed on one or other of the
greatest personages in the nation. I
once heard a country justice express his
wonder, that you was not taken up, and
set on the pillory; and I myself, by
some of my rural intelligence, have
brought upon you the resentment of fe-

veral honest squires, who long to horse-whip the scoundrel for putting them in print. Others again are quite at a loss how to pick out your meaning, and in vain turn over their Bailey's Dictionary for an explanation of several fashionable phrases; which, though they have enriched the town-language, have not yet made their way into the dialect of the country. Many exquisite strokes of humour are also lost upon us, on account of our distance from the scene of action; and that wit, which is very brisk and lively upon the spot, often loses much of its spirit in the carriage, and sometimes wholly evaporates in the post-bag.

You moralists are very apt to flatter yourselves, that you are doing a vast deal of good by your labours: but whatever reformation you may have worked in town, give me leave to tell you, that you have sometimes done us harm in the country, by the bare mention of the vices and follies now in vogue. From your intelligence, some of our most polite ladies have learned, that it is highly genteel to have a route; and some have copied the fashion so exactly, as to play at cards on Sundays. Your papers upon dress set all our belles to work in following the mode: you no sooner took notice of the cocked hats, but every hat in the parish was turned up behind and before; and when you told us, that the town beauties went naked, our rural damsels immediately began to throw off their cloaths. Our gentlemen have been also taught by you all the new arts of betting and gaming: and the only coffee-house in one little town, where the most topping inhabitants are used to meet to play at draughts and back-gammon, has, from the great increase of gamblers who resort to it, been elegantly christened by the name of White's.

As to the small share which I myself have had in your work, you may be sure every body here is hugely delighted with it; at least, you may be sure, that I will say nothing to the contrary. I have done my best to contribute to the entertainment of your readers: and, as the name of Steele is not forgotten in the Spectator, though Addison has run away with almost all the honour, I am in hopes that, whenever the great Mr. Town is mentioned, they may possibly think at the same time on your affectionate Cousin and Coadjutor,

VILLAGE.

After this account, which my Cousin has sent me, of the reception I have met with in the country, it will be proper to say something of my reception here in town. I shall therefore consider myself in the threefold capacity of Connoisseur, Critic, and Censor-general. As a Connoisseur, in the confined sense of the word, I must own I have met with several mortifications. I have neither been made F. R. S. nor even a member of the Academy of Bourdeaux or Petersburg. They have left me out of the list of Trustees to the British Museum; and his Majesty of Naples, though he presented an 'Account of the Curiosities' found in Herculaneum' to each of the universities, never sent one to me. I have not been celebrated in the Philosophical Transactions, nor in any of our Magazines of Arts and Sciences; nor have I been styled *très-illustre* or *très-éminent* in any of the foreign Mercuries or Journals Littéraires. Once, indeed, I soothed myself with the vain thoughts of having been distinguished by the great Swedish Botanist, Linnæus, under the title of *Eruditissimus Urbanus*, which I conceived to be the name of Town latinized; but, to my great disappointment, I afterwards discovered, that this was no other than the learned naturalist, Mr. Sylvanus Urban, author of the Gentleman's Magazine. This neglect of me, as a Connoisseur, I can attribute to no other cause, than to my not having made myself known by my Museum, or Cabinet of Curiosities: and, to say the truth, I am not worth a farthing in antique coins; nor have I so much as one single shell or butterfly. All my complaints against the modern innovations of Taste have been therefore disregarded: and with concern I still see the Villas of our citizens fantastically adorned with Chinese palings, and our streets incumbered with superb colonades, porticos, Gothic arches, and Venetian windows, the ordinary decorations of the shops of our tradesmen.

Nor have I, as a Critick, met with greater success or encouragement, in my endeavours to reform the present Taste in literature. I expected to have the privilege of eating beef *gratis* every night at Vauxhall, for advising the garden poets to put a little meaning into their songs: but, though I was there several nights this summer, I could not say (with Cassio) of any of their productions, 'this is a more exquisite song' than

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than the other.' I have not been able to write the operas out of the kingdom: and, though I have more than once shewed my contempt for Harlequin, I am assured there are no less than three Pantomimes to be brought on this season. As I invested myself with the dignity of supreme judge in theatrical matters, I was in hopes that my Lord Chamberlain would at least have appointed me his Deputy-licenser; but he has not even consulted me on any one new play. I made no doubt but the managers would pay their court to me: but they have not once sent for me to dinner; and, so far from having the freedom of the house, I declare I have not had so much as a single order from any of the under-actors.

In my office of Censor General, though I cannot boast of having overturned the card-tables at routes and as-

semblies, or broke up the club at Arthur's, I can safely boast, that I have routed the many-headed monster at the Disputant Society at the Robin Hood, and put to silence the great Clare Market Orator. In a word, I have laboured to prevent the growth of vice and immorality; and with as much effect as the Justices at the Quarter Sessions. For this reason I expected to have been put in the commission, and to have had the power of licensing all places of public diversion vested solely in my hands. But as I find my merits have been hitherto overlooked, I am determined to lay down my office; and in my next number I shall take my final leave of the public; when I shall give them an account of my correspondents, together with a full and particular account of MYSELF.

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Nº CXL. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1756.

VEL DUO, VEL NEMO. —————

PERR.

CENSOR NOR HE, NOR HE; OR BOTH, OR NONE;
A TWO-FOLD AUTHOR, MESSIEURS MR. TOWN.

————— PENE GEMELLI,

FRATERNIS ANIMIS. —————

HOR.

SURE IN THE SELF-SAME MOULD THEIR MINDS WERE CAST,
TWINS IN AFFECTION, JUDGMENT, HUMOUR, TASTE.

PERIODICAL writers, who retail their sense or nonsense to the world sheet by sheet, acquire a sort of familiarity and intimacy with the public, peculiar to themselves. Had these four volumes, which have swelled by degrees to their present bulk, burst forth at once, Mr. Town must have introduced himself to the acquaintance of the public with the awkward air and distance of a stranger: but he now flatters himself, that they will look upon him as an old companion, whose conversation they are pleased with; and, as they will see him no more after this time, will now and then perhaps miss their usual visitor.

However this may be, the Authors of the Connoisseur now think proper to close the undertaking in which they have been engaged for near three years past: and among their general thanks to the indulgent readers of their papers, they must include in a particular manner their acknowledgments to those,

who have been pleased to appear in them as writers. They have, therefore, at the close of their work, brought Mr. Town and his associates on the scene together, like the *dramatis persone* at the end of the last act.

Our earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K. and we are sorry that he will not allow us to mention his name; since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions. To him we are proud to own ourselves indebted for most part of Nº XIV. and XVII; for the Letter, signed Goliath English, in Nº XIX; for a great part of Nº XXXIII. and XL; and for the Letters, signed Reginald Fitzworm, Michael Krawbridge, Moses Orthodox, and Thom. Vainall, in Nº CII. CVII. CXIII. and CXXIX.

The next, in priority of time, is a gentleman of Cambridge, who signed himself A. B. and we cannot but regret that

that he withdrew his assistance, after having obliged us with the best part of the Letters in N^o XLVI. XLIX. and LII. and of the Essays in N^o LXII. and LXIV.

The Letters in N^o LXXXII. XCVIII. CXII. and CXXX. came from various hands, equally unknown to us. The Imitation of Horace, in N^o XI. was written (as we are informed) by a gentleman of Oxford: and from two gentlemen of Cambridge we received the Letter, signed W. Manly, in N^o LXV. and another, signed B. A. in N^o CVII.

These unexpected marks of favour, conferred on us by strangers, demand our highest gratitude; but we are no less happy in being able to boast the assistance of some other gentlemen, whom we are proud to call friends, though we are not at liberty to introduce them to the acquaintance of our readers. From a friend engaged in the Law, we had the first sketches and most striking passages of N^o LXXV. LXXVIII. LXXXVII. and CIV. though it may be regretted by the public, as well as ourselves, that his leisure would not permit him to put the finishing hand to them. From a friend, a gentleman of the Temple, we received N^o CXI. CXV. and CXIX. To a friend, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, we are indebted for the Song in N^o LXXII. and the Verses in N^o LXVII. XC. CXXV. and CXXXV. The list of contributions from such capable friends would doubtless have been much larger, had they been sooner let into the secret; but as Mr. Town, like a great prince, chose to appear *incog.* in order to avoid the impertinence of the multitude, he did not even make himself known to those about his person, till at last they themselves found him out through his disguise.

There are still remaining two correspondents, who must stand by themselves; as they have wrote to us, not in an assumed character, but in *propria persona*. The first is no less a personage than the great Orator Henley, who obliged us with that truly original Letter, printed in N^o XXXVII. The other, who favoured us with a Letter no less original, in N^o LXX. we have reason to believe, is a Methodist Teacher and a mechanic; but we do not know either his name or his trade.

We now come to the most important

discovery of Ourselves, and to answer the often-repeated question of—'Who is Mr. Town?' it being the custom for the periodical writers, at the same time that they send the hawkers abroad with their last dying speech like the malefactors, like them also to couple it with a confession. The general method of unravelling this mystery is by declaring, to whom the different signatures, affixed to different papers, are appropriated. For ever since the days of the inimitable Spectator, it has been usual for a bold Capital to stand like a sentry, at the end of our essays, to guard the author in secrecy: and it is commonly supposed, that the writer, who does not chuse to put his name to the work, has in this manner, like the painters and statuary of old, at least set his mark. But the Authors of the Connoisseur now confess, that the several letters, at first pitched upon to bring up the rear of their essays, have been annexed to different papers, at random, and sometimes omitted, on purpose to put the sagacious reader on a wrong scent. It is particularly the interest of a writer, who prints himself out week by week, to remain unknown, during the course of this piece-meal publication. The best method, therefore, to prevent a discovery, is to make the road to it as intricate as possible; and, instead of seeming to aim at keeping the reader entirely in the dark, to hang out a kind of wandering light, which only serves to lead him astray. The desire of giving each writer his due, according to the signatures, has, in the course of this undertaking, often confused the curious in their enquiries. Soon after the publication of our first papers, some ingenious gentlemen found out, that T, O, W, N, being the letters that formed the name of TOWN, there were four authors, each of whom sheltered himself under a particular letter; but no paper ever appearing with an N affixed to it, they were obliged to give up this notion. But, if they had been more able decipherers, they would have made out, that though T, O, W, will not compose the name of TOWN, yet, by a different arrangement of the letters, it will form the word TWO; which is the grand mystery of our signatures, and couches under at the true and real number of the Authors of the Connoisseur.

Having

Having thus declared Mr. Town to consist of two separate individuals, it will perhaps be expected, that, like two tradesmen, who have agreed to dissolve their partnership, we should exactly balance our accounts, and assign to each his due parcel of the stock. But our accounts are of so intricate a nature, that it would be impossible for us to adjust them in that manner. We have not only joined in the work taken altogether, but almost every single paper is the joint product of both: and, as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend, that any one particular part is the sole workmanship of either. An hint has perhaps been started by one of us, improved by the other, and still further heightened by an happy coalition of sentiment in both: as fire is struck out by a mutual collision of flint and steel. Sometimes, like Strada's lovers conversing with the sympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles distance from each other: the first rough draught or loose minutes of an essay have often travelled in the stage coach from town to country, and from country to town; and we have frequently waited for the post-man (whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a Connoisseur) with the same anxiety, as we should wait for the half of a bank note, without which the other half would be of no value. These our joint labours, it may easily be imagined, would have soon broke off abruptly, if either had been too fondly attached to his own little conceits, or if we had conversed together with the jealousy of a rival, or the complaisance of a formal acquaintance, who smiles at every word that is said by his companion. Nor could this work have been so long carried on, with so much cheerfulness and good humour on both sides, if the Two had not been as closely united, as the two Students, whom the Spectator mentions, as recorded by a *Terra Filius* at Oxford—to have had 'but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat.'

It has been often remarked, that the reader is very desirous of picking up some little particulars concerning the author of the book which he is perusing.

To gratify this passion, many literary anecdotes have been published, and an account of their life, character, and behaviour, has been prefixed to the works of our most celebrated writers. Essayists are commonly expected to be their own Biographers: and perhaps our readers may require some further intelligence concerning the Authors of the Connoisseur. But, as they have all along appeared as a sort of Sofias in literature, they cannot now describe themselves any otherwise, than as one and the same person; and can only satisfy the curiosity of the public, by giving a short account of that respectable personage Mr. Town, considering him as of the plural, or rather (according to the Græcians) of the dual number.

Mr. Town is a fair, black, middle-sized, very short man. He wears his own hair and a periwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than four and twenty. He is a Student of the Law, and a Bachelor of Physic. He was bred at the University of Oxford; where having taken no less than three degrees, he looks down on many learned professors as his inferiors: yet, having been there but little longer than to take the first degree of Bachelor of Arts, it has more than once happened, that the Censor-General of all England has been reprimanded by the Censor of his College, for neglecting to furnish the usual Essay, or (in the collegiate phrase) the Theme of the week.

This joint description of ourselves will, we hope, satisfy the reader, without any further information. For our own parts, we cannot but be pleased with having raised this monument of our mutual friendship and esteem: and if these essays shall continue to be read, now they will no longer make their appearance as the fugitive pieces of the week, we shall be happy in considering, that we are mentioned at the same time. We have all the while gone on, as it were, hand in hand together: and while we are both employed in furnishing matter for the paper now before us, we cannot help smiling at our thus making our *exit* together, like the Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.

T. W. O.

